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{ From Beginning
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CIVITAS DEI.

BY S. W. DUFFIELD.

"For my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say, Peace be within thee!"

CITY of God, grown old, with silent faces
Lying beneath the shadow of the clay,
Thine are the towers built up in barren places,
Thine the great bastions waiting for the day.

Dim through the night stone after stone arises,
Bold through the dawn step forth the peaks
of flame,
Touched with the splendor of those glad sur-
prises
By which the blessing of the Spirit came.

Toilers of truth are we, who at our labour
Keep the sharp sword still girded at the
thigh,
Heeding no summons of the pipe and tabor,
Fighting and building till the end be nigh.

Thus, then, we build thro' storm and pleasant
weather;
Thus, then, we pray by morning and by
night;
Heart knit with heart, and hands at work
together—
Beset by foes until Thou givest light.

City of God! thy peace is our petition;
City of God! our brethren dwell in thee;
And for their sakes, in true and deep contri-
tion,
We seek thy good, O dwelling of the free.

IN THE WOODS.

IN the woods when the young leaves budding
Whispered the spring-time near,
When the spirit was light
As the sunbeams bright,
And fancy's sky was clear;
When the young bird's song
Woke an echo long
As the hopes that the heart held dear.

In the woods when the summer's glory
Was wreathed in light and shade,
Through each leafy bough
Clearer sunshine now
With fuller lustre played,
And sweet silence bent
With a glad content
O'er the hush that fulfilment made.

In the woods when the leaves are dropping,
Down dropping one by one
As the hopes that fade
In autumnal shade,
And droop ere their day is done,
And weary of life,
And weary of strife,
Sink down to the rest they have won.

In the woods when the winter hoary
Has spread his snowy pall
O'er a lifeless past
That is laid at last
Where the night-dews softly fall,
Where the moon shines fair
Through the branches bare,
And the heavens are over all.
Golden Hours. ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

THE AFTER-GRASS.

O MEADOW, fresh and green after the mowing,
Watered by cooling rills, from depths of
woody hills,
With sluggish course through the dank sedges
flowing.
I watch the lights and shadows o'er thee fleet-
ing:
All is so calm above, so rich in peace and
love,
I marvel, underneath if any pain is beating;
If any keen regret or tender feeling
Recalls spring's budding hours, or summer's
wealth of flowers;
And the scythe's cruel wounds that know no
healing.
Ah happy meadow in the sunlight shining!
Though the first glory pass, green is the
after-grass,
Grief's bitterness is gone, and its repining.

O fond heart wounded sore, and nigh to
breaking!
The spring's bud over-blown, the flower of
summer mown;
The light all turned to gloom, the joy to
aching.
Is this the end? Shall all be parched and
dreary?
No sweet imaginings, no dream of better
things;
Only a barren waste and footstep weary?

Are there no dews from pitying skies de-
scending?
No flush of hidden rills from the eternal
hills
To the sore heart reviving moisture lending?
Faint not: Time's losses Time itself repayeth;
E'en now a softer green peers the dry stalks
between;
Mid fallen leaves the leaf that ne'er decayeth.

Silent, unseen, the sacred streams are stealing
Within the stricken heart, with love's con-
siderate art
The wounds and bruises of the spirit healing.
Let the past fade, the future is before thee;
By hope's deep fountains fed, and dews of
mercy shed
From the vast stores of heaven that watcheth
o'er thee.

Golden Hours.

W. PARKINSON.

From The Edinburgh Review.

NASMYTH'S PHYSICAL HISTORY OF THE MOON.*

THE earth's bright satellite has always been an object of affectionate reverence among the sons of men. In the early days of human history magnificent temples were reared in expression of this feeling. In the present age no less costly buildings are erected and maintained at the public charge, where large bands of carefully-trained and well-appointed ministrants keep watch and celebrate their solemn rites, night after night, in the same service. But perhaps no more noteworthy illustration of the charm which this particular devotion has, even for unimaginative and unimpressible philosophers, could be found in the annals of human history than is expressed in the beautifully illustrated volume which has just been published under the conjoint authorship of James Nasmyth and James Carpenter, and which really represents more than thirty years' almost unintermittent study and application on the part of a mechanical engineer, who is distinguished amongst his contemporaries and compeers alike for the hard practicality of his head, the adroit readiness of his hands, and the finished cultivation of his taste. The James Nasmyth alluded to in this remark, it will scarcely be necessary to say, is the civil engineer so well known as the inventor of the steam-hammer and of the steam-machinery for driving piles. In his schoolboy days, while still attending the classes of the high school at Edinburgh, James Nasmyth was led, by an accidental acquaintance with the son of an ironfounder, to study closely the various processes of casting and forging iron. He had also inherited a strong taste for drawing,

being himself the son and grandson of two eminent Scottish artists, and he fostered this taste under the facilities and training which were at his command in the courses of the then recently-formed school of arts of the Scotch metropolis. Not very long after the completion of his university career he began to give some attention to the investigations of astronomy, and was very soon deep in the construction of reflecting telescopes of large size and considerable power. On June 14, 1844, just thirty years ago, he communicated, as one of the first fruits of his labours in this direction, a paper to the Royal Astronomical Society, describing "Certain Telescopic Appearances of the Moon," and exhibited, in illustration of this memoir, a drawing and model representing the aspect of a part of the lunar surface as it appeared in his telescopes under high magnifying power. The tract of the lunar surface which was dealt with in these illustrations is a broken region immediately surrounding the large crater known as Maurolicus, and both drawing and model were made by a telescope of twelve inches' aperture magnifying in linear dimensions 360 times, and were upon the scale of one-eighth of an inch to the mile. About a couple of years after this time, we ourselves had in our possession a copy of a very large drawing of some lunar craters, that had been used by Captain Owen Stanley in one of his lectures, and which was also made by Mr. Nasmyth. This sketch was the prime original of the remarkable group of craters associated with Theophilus, Cyrillus, and Catharina, which appears among the illustrations of the book now under notice. When the memoir on the "Telescopic Appearances of the Moon" was communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society, its author had been already in close observation and study of the lunar disc for some years, in the conviction that it furnished a very admirable and instructive means of illustrating certain grand features of volcanic operations. In one part of the memoir he drew pointed attention to the "brimful" crater, which is now presented in the illustrations of the book as Wargentia. The memoir of

* 1. *The Moon: considered as a Planet, a World, and a Satellite.* By JAMES NASMYTH, C.E., and JAMES CARPENTER, F.R.A.S. 4to. London: 1874.

2. *The Moon, her Motions, Aspect, Scenery, and Physical Condition.* By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S. London: 1873.

3. *Théorie du Mouvement de la Lune.* Par M. DELAUNAY, "Mémoires de l'Académie de Paris." Two vols. 1860-67.

4. *Fundamenta Nova Investigationis Orbitæ veræ quam Luna perillustrat.* By Professor P. A. HANSEN. Gotha: 1838.

1844, which occupied two pages of the sixth volume of the Monthly Notices of the Astronomical Society, was indeed essentially the protogerm of the noble quarto volume now before us. In the brief early memoir there are traces of the leading thoughts that have been developed in the finished book.

Two distinguishing characters mark Mr. Nasmyth's monograph from the hundred and one treatises that have touched upon the same theme. These are, in the first place, the marvellous beauty and accuracy of the pictorial illustrations, which are altogether without parallel in this branch of art; and in the second place, the lucidity and completeness with which the author's views of the moon's physical condition, and probable formative history, have been put into words. The treatment of the subject in this monograph is that of a mind which has been trained in the methods and discipline of mechanical and engineering, rather than of astronomical and mathematical, science, and which has acquired a very firm grasp of the matter on what may be termed its practical side. It is not too much to say that, under the impress of these characteristics, the book is the most complete and intelligible description of the physical condition of the moon that has yet been published.

In alluding to the exquisite delineations of the typical features of the lunar physiognomy with which his volume is illustrated, Mr. Nasmyth explains that these are the results of more than thirty years of continued study and work. Drawings of the various objects here represented were, in the first instance, made at favourable opportunities when high powers of the telescope could be satisfactorily and advantageously used, and these drawings were then subsequently re-examined in comparison with their originals, and retouched, corrected, and amplified, time after time, until they at last seemed to the practised eye of the artist as perfect as the equally practised hand could render them. In this completed form they were next turned into models in bold relief; these models were

afterwards photographed in appropriate positions in strong sunshine, and from these photographs the prints that appear in the book were for the most part finally made by the heliotype process, in permanent pigments which are as fixed and enduring as the ink of ordinary copper-plate engravings. The finest of these pictures actually reproduce to the eye the appearances that are seen in the moon by the aid of high powers of the telescope, applied under the most favourable conditions of lighting and atmosphere. They nearly all of them deal with bold characteristics of lunar scenery, and in many of them the reproduction is so perfect that it seems to an experienced eye as if the old familiar reality were before it when it rests intently upon the pictorial rendering. Even the peculiar frosted-silver texture, and the indescribably delicate frettings and frecklings that start out from the lunar surface in passing instants of the nicest telescopic definition, are there, as mint-marks of the coin. Ready proofs of this statement may be especially found in the delineations which represent the terraced landslips, and circumambient mottling of froth-craters, that surround Copernicus — the lunar Etna of Hevelius — and the walled hollows of Aristotle and Eudoxus; the long yawning void chasms that shatter the ground near Triesnecker; the bulwarked floors of Shickard and Wargentin; the serrated shadows of the sombre abyss of Plato, with its sentinel peak Pico, and its clustered outwork of Alpine summits ploughed through by a broad flat-bottomed valley; and, perhaps, before all, the clustered peaks and shadow-fringed chain of the mighty Apennines, with the fissured crackings of the surrounding plain. These particular drawings are certainly as successful an attempt to present, in a pictorial form, what the highest powers of the telescope reveal in this weird field of investigation, as it is possible for the most sanguine enthusiasm to conceive. The result is in these instances beyond all praise. The long, patient, painstaking labour, and the consummate skill of the artist, alone can

explain how such marvels of pictorial verisimilitude have been produced by photographing artificial modellings.

Before entering definitely upon the consideration of Mr. Nasmyth's views of the physical condition and history of the moon, it may be well to ask the reader to place compactly before his mind, in a broad, general form, an idea of what the body is that is concerned in the explanation. The moon, it will be remembered, is a solid sphere of material substance having nearly the intrinsic density of flint-glass, and of such size that it reaches to about the forty-ninth part of the volume of the earth, and has therefore a surface-area something less in extent than a fourteenth part of the surface of the earth, comprising in exact numbers 14,567,000 square miles. The size and density of this sphere, thus apportioned, are of such amount that the force of gravity upon its outer surface must be not more than a sixth part of the same force upon the earth, so that a heavy body shot off from the outer surface of the moon by any given projectile effort would go six times as far under the impulse as it would if started from the earth's surface in the same way. But the spherical mass thus circumstanced in the matter of size and density, is a bare round ball of solid substance, destitute of all trace of atmospheric investment, whether of vapour or air. The absence of gaseous atmosphere, of whatever kind, in the moon is definitely proved by the simple fact that whenever its opaque body passes along in the sky in front of a fixed star, the shining point is concealed by the passage of the intervening dark body within an immaterial trifle of the time that it ought to be upon the assumption that the occulting body is bare of all gaseous or vaporous investment, which, if present, would have kept the star for some time in sight when actually behind the moon, as the sun is brought into sight by atmospheric refraction when below the earth's horizon. With a view to the final settlement of this question, among other examinations which have been made, the astronomer royal some little time ago put together the results of 296 carefully observed

occultations of fixed stars by the moon, and demonstrated that in every case the star was out of sight behind the moon within two seconds of the time that it ought to have been under the circumstance of the moon being without any external investment of a gaseous or vaporous kind which could have bent the rays of star-light as they shot through the transparent space in the immediate neighbourhood of the solid limb of the moon. If these two seconds of difference, the utmost allowance that can possibly be made in the face of this test, were entirely due to a thin film of atmosphere enveloping the moon, that film must be, under the circumstance, two thousand times less substantial and dense than the atmosphere of the earth, and that would be as rare again as the most perfect so-called vacuum that has ever been artificially produced by the air-pump. Upon this showing, therefore, the moon is held to be a virtually airless sphere. The absence of water is also proved by similar unmistakable evidence. If it were present upon the surface of the moon, even in the most limited amount, there would of necessity be an envelope of vapour about the sphere that would manifest its presence by the influence it would exert upon such rays of light as passed through its substance.

The naked moon, with these conditions of volume and mass, is carried in an even sweep around the earth at a distance of about thirty earths' diameters. At this distance any tract of the moon's surface twenty-six miles across, or about as large again as the county of Middlesex, would be visible to the eye as an immeasurably small speck or sizeless point. With the aid of a telescope such a visible speck would be more or less spread into perceptible dimensions. If the magnifying power of the telescope were enough to enlarge 6,000 diameters — an extreme conception of the case which is now sometimes spoken of as being within the possible achievements of optical skill — the moon would be looked at as if it were not more than forty miles away, and even small natural objects upon its face, not more than twenty or

thirty yards wide, would be visible as having dimensions and form. Such powers of the telescope are, however, not really available for practical purposes, because they increase the disturbing effects of the air's imperfect and irregular transparency to such an extent that distinct vision ceases to be possible. The highest telescopic power that can be effectually brought to bear upon the moon, even under the most favourable condition of the atmosphere, is one that magnifies not more than 400 times across, and with that power an object on the moon 200 yards, or something less than an eighth of a mile, broad would become visible as a speck, and a square mile of surface would be of a measurable size. It is with such optical aid as this that the pictorial work of Mr. Nasmyth has been accomplished.

With these telescopic appliances, bringing the moon in effect 400 times nearer to the earth, and so placing it for purposes of examination as if it were only 600, instead of 240,000, miles away, the moon is at once seen to be not a smooth ball, but a rough sphere, covered all over with rugosities and carved projections that are of sufficient dimensions to cast long black shadows beyond them when the sunshine falls obliquely upon their sides, and are thus thrown into very bold relief. These lunar projections are of different kinds, but there is one predominant type which is so abundantly and so continually reproduced that it may be taken to be the most important and characteristic of the series. This wears the form of a circular cup, raised, broken, and often terraced and serrated at the rim, but hollowed more or less down into the moon's substance, and is what is familiarly and technically known as the annular "crater" of the moon. Of these circular ridge-brimmed "craters" the number upon the moon is so vast that it is literally impossible for them to be counted. They exist in untold thousands, and in some parts are so crowded together that the moon's surface for large stretches of distance is entirely made up of them. But they vary materially in size, from something less than a mile, the smallest circular speck that is discernible, to something more than eighty, or even one hundred, miles across. The most casual glance at these ring-shaped and bulwark-surrounded hollows upon the moon is sufficient to establish their claim to be properly called "craters." They are clearly the visible man-

ifestations of some form of eruptive force which has pitted and blistered the lunar surface. In many of them there still remains the central peak which has been piled up on the middle of the floor by the expiring effort of the outburst. Volcanic action of some kind has, at some time, ruled rampant upon the moon. It is the one pervading power that has left its stamp there in every feature and linament.

But volcanic action upon the moon has not been the same thing as volcanic action upon the earth. The leading energy or motive power in the volcanic eruptions of the earth is the expansive force of steam. On the moon there is no water, and therefore steam can have nothing to do with the matter. What then can have been the potential agency that has been operative in sculpturing the volcanic frettings of the moon? This is the primary question upon which Mr. Nasmyth brings his mechanical training and experience to bear in dealing with the moon's physical history. As a first step in his demonstration and argument, Mr. Nasmyth assumes that in its early infancy, in common with the other solid spheres of space, the moon was in the state of a huge drop-like ball of molten liquid, that this drop-like condition was due to great heat, and that at a later period of its history a solid surface, or shell, was formed round the spherical liquid mass, in consequence of the more rapid cooling and consequent solidification of this outer layer. In building his argument upon this ground he takes up what must at least be admitted to be a reasonable and justifiable position. The red-hot molten nucleus and cooled-crust-theory of the formation of the planetary spheres has, at least, more probability and is more satisfying to the reason than any other view that has yet been presented in its place. It perfectly and easily accounts for the globular, or quasi-globular, form of these mighty spheres, and in recent years it has acquired increased consistency and strength, as a theory, from the researches that have been happily made into the correlative physical conditions of the sun and stars.

In this theory of the primitive formation of the world-spheres of space, it is understood that the solid crust first deposited as the outer shell of the molten mass must of necessity contract continuously, more and more, upon the imprisoned molten nucleus, as it scatters its own elevated temperature more and more

into space, because all material substance occupies a larger volume at high temperatures than at low ones. But, simultaneously with this contraction of the outer cooling shell, another influence is brought into play, which Mr. Nasmyth, with some claim to originality, boldly seizes upon, and enlists into his service as the great prime mover in the subsequent changes that have been effected in the moon. The liquid mass which lies immediately within the consolidated shell undergoes, in a less, but still very important, degree, a similar process of cooling, as it passes successive portions of its inherent heat out through the external crust. But as it does this, and before it finally assumes the actually solid state, *it expands*, as water increases in volume as it cools even before it is frozen into ice. Mr. Nasmyth shows, by a reference to various processes with which ironfounders are familiar, that in this particular molten metals and molten slags behave exactly as water behaves, and he lays it down as a fundamental natural law not only that all molten bodies are specifically denser and heavier than solids of the same substance, and therefore expand in passing from the liquid to the solid state, but that the expansion invariably begins *as the molten liquid approaches the condition of change*. One very neat and instructive experiment is referred to in an illustration of the great energy that is brought into play when this expansion of cooling bodies occurs. If a strong iron bottle is filled with molten bismuth, and the neck of the bottle is firmly and tightly closed with a screw-plug, the iron bottle is soon afterwards torn asunder by the solidification of the bismuth. In cases of spheres that have been circumstanced like the moon, the contraction of the outer shell, and the expansion of the imprisoned material, lying immediately withip, must have gone on simultaneously, and on that account the force which has been finally brought into play to effect the rending of the outer case must have been a very violent one. Mr. Nasmyth alludes to another pretty experiment in speaking of the nature of this shattering-power. He fills a thin glass globe with cold water, hermetically seals, and then drops the globe into a warm bath, and in a very brief interval the brittle globe is starred by the internal expansion into radiating cracks, through which the water oozes. A glass globe fissured in this way has been photographed in this book to show

how strikingly the starred and fissured condition of the globe imitates the appearance of certain bright streaks in the moon that are seen radiating round some of the principal craters when they are illuminated by direct sunshine.

Mr. Nasmyth refers the cup-shaped and wall-surrounded hollows that are so abundant upon the surface of the moon immediately to the effect of this particular operation. He considers that as soon as the brittle shell of the cooling sphere cracked, under the impulse of this inner expansion, and opened into fissures, portions of the internal expanded molten substance welled up through the cracks, and in places jetted out in fountain-like streams, scattering a plentiful liquid shower around. In a communication to the Royal Astronomical Society, some little time since, Mr. Mattieu Williams described an experiment with the cooling of the tap-cinder from a puddling-furnace, in which he has seen spirts of the molten cinder ejected through holes broken in the consolidating crust, to a height of four or five diameters of the mass, in this very way, and by the instrumentality of these very forces. In the case of the moon the spirted-out liquid was piled up where it fell, into heaps of pasty lava and consolidating scoræ. In many instances the piled-up bulwarks were as far as fifty or sixty miles away from the orifice of eruption, on account of the distance to which the lava was shot under the relatively slight restraining power of gravitation in the moon, and they were universally of a regular circular form because the erupted jet was scattered to the same distance in all directions around the jet, as water is scattered from the vents of a dome-shaped fountain, and because there was no wind, under any circumstances, to divert or distort the regularity of the shower. Whenever there were successive eruptions of this character, of progressively diminishing violence, successive bulwarks were formed in concentric and narrowing rings, as in the instance of Tycho and Copernicus, so beautifully delineated in these illustrations. When the last failing throes of the volcanic outburst died gently away, the last failing streams of the ejected matter were piled into small cones of eruption choking and closing the vents. In some instances the piled-up accumulations of the erupted matter were so abundant, and rose so high, that lower terraces were formed by the slipping down of the top-heavy deposits,

but such landslip-formations are readily distinguished in every case from the true ring-shaped barriers of primary eruption, by their being short, broken segments of ridges, instead of continuous rings. The outer circular ridges of the larger craters are commonly seen to be strengthened by external buttresses, which are streams of consolidated lava that have been poured from distinctly visible secondary craters upon their sides. The hollowed-out cavities of the most boldly pronounced craters seem to have been caused by the eroding action of the erupted lava; and such craters as are devoid of the characteristic central cones of residual force are held to have had molten lava quietly welled up towards the termination of the eruption from the primary central vents until the lakes of liquid rock have risen within the limiting bulwark higher and higher, and have finally covered and masked all vestiges of the inner eruptive peaks. Wargentin is shown in one of the drawings as the notable instance of a bulwarked crater which has been left, in this way, brimful. Mr. Nasmyth adopts it as an aphorism that the size of the crater is simply the visible expression of the strength of the eruption which has been concerned in its formation, and that the larger craters are essentially the first-fruits of the young-born eruptive power, and therefore older formations in point of time than the smaller craters; and he conceives that whenever a violent eruption stopped suddenly, it left as the memorial monument of the effort a large ring-shaped and high-walled crater, and that whenever a gentle eruption died gradually away, it either piled up its monumental record higher and higher into a pyramid or sharp-pointed cone, or spread its smooth pavement of lava. He holds that the best-developed forms of the lunar craters in reality represent volcanic force in its purest state and its highest perfection, and that the moon is thus virtually a model of the radical operations of volcanic processes, devoid of the disturbing and masking effects brought about by such secondary agencies as water and air, and presenting to the contemplation of telescopic observers very much what the solid foundations of the earth would show if it were cleared of its water-worn groovings and furrowings, its water-formed sedimentary beds, and its oceans and rivers. The larger extent and freedom of the primary eruptions, due to the more rapid cooling of the smaller sphere, and to the inferior power of grav-

ity as a restraining check — and, in addition to this, the more brittle, and intrinsically less dense, substance of the lunar crust that has been moulded and sculptured by the volcanic energy — appear to be the chief modifying conditions that establish a distinction between the primary volcanic, or Plutonic, disturbances of the earth and the final and ultimate volcanic disturbances of the moon.

In the not unfrequent instances of walled-in, crater-like depressions of the moon's surface, in which volcanic modelling is less obviously marked, first on account of the absence of all trace of peaks of eruption on the inner floors, and often on account also of the less prominent character of the surrounding piled-up rims, Mr. Nasmyth nevertheless holds that the same instrumentality may be accepted. He thinks that even in the broad smooth-floored craters, with low and slight walls, such as Grimaldi, and perhaps Shickard immediately below Wargentin, the external limiting bulwarks have been formed by the outflow of molten lava from inner vents, in connection with which concentric waves of liquefied substance have been propagated outwards, as on the surface of a pool, until circular banks of consolidating and cooling scorix have been pressed up at the outer margin, and left there as permanent ramparts. When these ramparts have once been made, subsequent flooding of liquid lava would easily efface all vestige of the central source of the eruption; but the surface of the subsequently consolidated pool would still commonly show the mouths of the small outlets through which the last streams of the supply had been poured, as is the case with Shickard and all pits of a similar character. In many the flat floors of the inner plateaux are literally freckled with small secondary craters. The grandest specimen of the smooth-floored craters is, perhaps, the magnificent object which is known as Plato, and which is the subject of one of Mr. Nasmyth's most remarkable drawings. In this crater, which has a clear diameter of seventy miles, the limiting bulwark towers up to a varying height of from 4,000 to 8,000 feet, and jagged peaks at the top cast long serrated shadows half way across the inner plain, where innumerable craters spangle the floor. In this splendid specimen, however, there has obviously been piling-up influence at work in the construction of the outer wall. In one part there is a very remarkable and character-

istic instance of the segmentary terrace attributable to a landslide.

In many of the finest craters the centre of the floor is occupied by a perfect cluster of peaks, instead of by a solitary one. Aristotle, Eudoxus, Theophilus, Tycho, and super-eminently Copernicus, are instances of this peculiarity. Mr. Nasmyth has been at considerable pains to show that in these cases the multiplication of the central eruptive cone has been due to the sudden arrest and subsequent diversion of the primary outburst. A casual choking of the original vent has thrown the rising stream out in a new direction, where the obstruction and resistance were less; and in this way, by repeated arrests and fresh diversions of the eruptive force, cone has successively grown upon cone, until a cluster of peaks has been reared before the subsiding effort has finally been exhausted. The small secondary craters studding smooth and level floors of consolidated lava have probably a similar formative history. Mr. Nasmyth thinks that the whole of these secondary mouths are *diverticula* of older central channels of eruption, and that each of them has been opened out as the eruptive force was opposed by gathering impediments in the older course of the outflow.

Large clusters and continuous ranges of mountain elevation are by no means common upon the moon, but they do occur. The finest examples of them are seen in the two groups of prominences which have been called the Apennines and the Alps. The Apennines are a grand range rising from a comparatively smooth and unbroken plain, and extending to a distance of 450 miles. Some of the peaks on this mighty chain rise with almost precipitous faces to a height of 18,000 and 20,000 feet, and cast black sharp-pointed shadows sometimes to the extent of ninety miles from their bases. The Alps consist of a broad cluster of peaks, a little to the west of Plato, mounting from 8,000 to 10,000 feet high, and cut through in one part by a remarkable flat-bottomed valley, six miles wide and seventy-five miles long. The terminal summits in this group are in some parts so densely clustered as to render it an impracticable task to count them. Mr. Nasmyth, however, believes that all peaked and clustered mountains on the moon of this character are still essentially volcanic exudations, and not veritable mountain ridges in the terrestrial acceptance. In the moon even these mountain systems

appear to have been produced by the gentle oozing of molten lava from narrow orifices, and the piling-up of heaps of its consolidating substance around; in the case of the loftiest and boldest protrusions the vent remaining open, and the discharging orifice rising with the growth of the mountain until great altitude has been attained. Telescopic powers, magnifying 300 diameters, show that the ridges and flanks of these clustered peaks are in reality studded with minute but perfectly formed volcanic craters. The small size of these vents plainly indicates that they belong to a comparatively gentle phase of volcanic action, in which the exuding forces were destitute of the higher explosive energies. Mountain chains in the moon have resulted, not from the shattering, uptilting, folding, and puckering of hard rocky beds, but from the comparatively slow and long-sustained escape of lava through multitudinous openings burst in weak parts of the surface-crust. This view of the matter is remarkably confirmed by these ranges of the moon being found in the least-disturbed portions of the lunar surface, and not where the volcanic power has had most energetic play. There are no continuous clusters and ranges about Tycho and Walter, where crater is crowded upon crater in endless and almost inextricable confusion, as is shown in a notable delineation contained in the twentieth plate of Mr. Nasmyth's book, where more than 200 large craters had to be sketched. They lie almost exclusively, on the other hand, in the quite northern region where the so-called Sea of Serenity and Sea of Showers extend their smooth, almost ocean-like, surfaces over hundreds of square miles. They in reality form the circumscribing boundaries of the plain-districts that can be seen in the moon, even by the unaided eye, as broad dark patches. The sharp, serrated, and spire-like shadows cast by the boldest peaks, however, by no means of necessity indicate that the extruded masses are of similar needle-like forms; for Mr. Nasmyth demonstrates, by the actual photograph of a long shadow thrown by a pea, that even a round eminence has a long, pointed, index-like shadow when the light falls upon it at a very oblique angle of incidence. Many of the sharply shadowed eminences in the moon may really be as dome-shaped and rounded as ordinary volcanic protrusions upon the earth. Pico, the finest isolated peak upon the moon, which rises from the level surface,

just to the south of Plato, to a towering height of 8,000 feet, and which casts a long-pointed shadow more than thirty miles upon the surrounding plain, is sketched by Mr. Nasmyth as a rugged, ridged, and buttressed pyramid as broad again at its base as it is high.

Mr. Nasmyth develops with considerable force and clearness the connection that there seems to be between fissures and continuous lines of craters upon the moon. He considers that when a long fissure had been opened out in the thickening and consolidating crust, a mountain chain was formed if the exuding was gentle and continuous; but that successive craters, ranged in a linear progress, one after the other, were opened out if the exuding force was sudden, intermittent, and violent.

That the eruptive force which has been brought into operation in shattering the solidified shell of the moon has been very deep-seated, and very large, is unmistakably evident. Towards the southern part of the moon's face there is a pole of eruption which has starred the hard shell around it very much as the cracks are starred over the shell of the glass globe in Mr. Nasmyth's experiment. This pole of eruption is the well-known crater of Tycho, which is apparent to the unaided eye as a centre of brilliancy in the full moon. The radiating streaks which have been traced issuing out around this crater are more than one hundred in number, and some of them can be followed for at least 600 miles in length, that is for about a tenth part of the moon's circumference. They are only visible in the full moon because the original fissures, which have been opened out in the hard brittle shell, have been since filled up with a bright shining material that has subsequently welled up from within, and that can be seen under direct light glistening like polished silver, although it is lost to view when the brilliant glare is thrown off sideways in oblique illumination. This subsequent infiltration appears to have scarcely risen above the outer surface of the sphere, as no shadows are cast from its edges in oblique light, although it has spread out to a certain extent over the edges of the crack, and has been bevelled down to the level beneath. There are streaks of this class that are estimated to measure in width more than twenty-five miles! Copernicus is the centre of a similar system of bright rays that come into sight in the directly incident sunshine of the

full moon. These extend over the plain around Copernicus to the distance of one hundred miles, and are of closer and finer form, and of a more reticulated character, than the rays of Tycho. The crater which stands on the focal centre of this system of radiant fissures is forty-six miles across, and has a limiting bulwark 12,000 feet high, divided into concentric terraced ridges which are in many parts obviously enormous landslips that have been crushed down by the overloaded summits, and that have scattered their debris in vast segmental heaps below. Gaps can, in many places, be traced in the higher ramparts from which these landslips have fallen. On the central plateau of the crater there is a fine cluster of eruptive cones, in three instances rising to a height of 2,400 feet above the floor.

Besides these systems of bright radiant streaks, there are innumerable other indications of shatterings and fissures which seem to have taken place at a later period of the moon's formative history, when the outer shell had not yet finally settled down into its condition of permanent repose, but when the epoch of the formation of volcanic vents and of the outpouring of molten rock had entirely passed away. The cracks of this later age have remained open and gaping, so that at periods of oblique illumination they are seen as black, shadow-filled lines. They extend to varying distances up to 150 miles, are from one to two miles wide in the broadest part of their span, taper away to their extremities, and are of unfathomable depths. They occur in very many parts of the lunar surface, but very fine examples of them are seen around Triesnecker, Mercator, Aristarchus, Copernicus, and along the base of the Apennines. Drawings of these have been made, and appear in the particular sketches of these objects. There are also, it may be remarked, continuous ridges of less bold relief and of lower elevation scattered about on the moon, which Mr. Nasmyth believes to be true specimens of wrinkling, rather than of volcanic eruption, essentially caused by the shrinking and shrivelling of the outer shell as it sank down to its temperature of final repose. The ridges of this character are most abundantly seen over the plain surface of the Ocean of Storms between Copernicus and Gassendi, and about the otherwise smooth spaces of the Sea of Tranquillity. They are, for the most part, distinguished from the true

volcanic ridges and chains by the entire absence of bold serrations upon their summits.

Mr. Nasmyth has been led by his long course of patient observation and reflective study to the conviction that the moon had arrived, even long ages preceding the periods of the earth's pre-human history, at the stage of unbroken and unchangeable rest. The only forces which appear to be now at work in the great lunar wilderness effecting movement and change are the monthly vicissitudes of temperature, and the consequent expansion and contraction to which the surface-solids are subjected as they pass alternately from the fourteen terrestrial days of unintermitting and never-clouded sunshine to the fourteen days of equally uninterrupted deprivation of the sun's rays. It has been estimated that towards the termination of its long scorching day of 300 hours the surface of the moon must have been heated to something more than twice the temperature of boiling water, probably about to the fusing-heat of tin, and that towards the end of its equally long 300 hours' night it must have been cooled pretty well to the temperature of interstellar space, which is 250 degrees lower than the zero of Fahrenheit's heat-scale. Recurrent changes of this violent character in all probability may still exert some mechanical influence among the brittle rocky projections of the ridged craters and peaked mountains, and even at times produce a renewal of the terrace-forming landslips. In two particulars only have any suspicions arisen of the presentation of active phenomena in the moon since it has been watched under the advantage that powerful telescopes confer. A bright flame was at one time believed to be visible in the middle of the crater of Aristarchus when the moon's face was dark. This appearance has now been pretty well demonstrated to be due to the concentration of secondary earth-shine into a kind of bright focus by the concave mirror-like arrangement of the polished hollow of this crater. Also in more recent times a small crater known as Linné, which is placed upon the level surface of the Sea of Serenity, not far from the extremity of the Apennines, disappeared, and a large white spot presented itself in its place, as if a broad white cloud had risen out of the mouth of the crater, and spread over it in the form of an impenetrable canopy or screen. This too, however, is now, with all the appearance of

strong probability, ascribed to the difference of illumination at different times. At one time oblique light fills the hollow of the crater with black shade, and communicates to it a tenfold distinctness, and then at another time direct sunshine so illumines the spot that the crater itself, robbed of its shadows, is only discernible to very excellent telescopes, while a broad patch of highly luminous and brightly reflecting substance (like that of the radiant streaks of Tycho and of Copernicus), which surrounds the crater, comes into prominent and conspicuous visibility. This change of illumination is sometimes more intensely and effectively produced than it is at other corresponding periods of the lunation, on account of the libratory swaying to and fro of the moon, and so, at such times, becomes more obvious. Professor Schmidt, the distinguished astronomer of Athens, who has given close study to this interesting spot since the year 1866, is of opinion that there certainly must have been substantial change in the form of the object since he began to watch it with narrow scrutiny. Mr. Nasmyth, on the other hand, doubts whether any absolute visible change has really occurred.

Mr. Nasmyth, however, is led to his view of the unchangeable fixedness of the moon's present state by a process of reasoning that is altogether independent of mere observation and watching of the lunar face by the telescope, and that is so pre-eminently characteristic of the entire method and spirit of the work which has enabled him to make this notable contribution to the scientific study of the earth's satellite, that it is obviously well his conclusion should be told in his own graphic and forcible language. He says:—

The theoretical view of the question, which we have now to consider, has led us, however, to the strong belief that no vestige of its former volcanic activity lingers in the moon—that it assumed its final condition an inconceivable number of ages ago, and that the high interest which would attach to the close scrutiny of our satellite, if it *were* still the theatre of volcanic reactions, cannot be hoped for. If it be just and allowable to assume that the earth and the moon were condensed into planetary form at nearly the same epoch (and the only rational scheme of cosmogony justifies the assumption), then we may institute a comparison between the condition of the two bodies as respects their volcanic age, using the one as a basis for inference concerning the state of the other. We have reason to believe that the earth's crust has nearly assumed its final state so far as volcanic reac-

tions of its interior upon its exterior are concerned: we may affirm that within the historical period no igneous convulsions of any considerable magnitude have occurred, and we may consider that the volcanoes now active over the surface of the globe represent the last expiring efforts of its eruptive force. Now in the earth we perceive several conditions wherefrom we may infer that it parted with its cosmical heat (and therefore with its prime source of volcanic agency) at a rate which will appear relatively very slow when we come to compare the like conditions in the moon. We may, we think, take for granted that the surface of a planetary body generally determines its *heat-dispersing* power, while its volume determines its *heat-retaining* power. Given two spherical bodies of similar material but unequal magnitude and originally possessing the same degree of heat, the smaller body will cool more rapidly than the larger, by reason of the greater proportion which the surface of the smaller sphere bears to its volume than that of the larger sphere to its volume — this proportion depending upon the geometrical ratio which the surfaces of spheres bear to their volumes, the contents of spheres being as the *cubes*, and the surfaces as the *squares*, of their diameters. The volume of the earth is forty-nine times as great as that of the moon, but its surface is only thirteen times as great; there is consequently in the earth a power of retaining its cosmical heat nearly four times as great as in the case of the moon; in other words, the moon and earth being supposed at one time to have had an equally high temperature, the moon would cool down to a given low temperature in about one-fourth the time that the earth would require to cool to the same temperature. But the earth's cosmical heat has without doubt been considerably conserved by its vaporous atmosphere, and still more by the ocean in its antecedent vaporous form. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the earth's surface has nearly assumed its final condition, so far as volcanic agencies are concerned; it has so far cooled as to be subject to no considerable distortions, or disruptions, of its surface. What, then, must be the state of the moon, which, from its small volume and large proportionate area, parted with its heat at the above comparatively rapid rate? The matter of the moon is, too, less dense than that of the earth, and hence, doubtless, from this cause disposed to more rapid cooling; and it has no atmosphere or vaporous envelope to retard its radiating heat. We are driven thus to the conclusion that the moon's loss of cosmical heat must have been so rapid as to have allowed its surface to assume its final conformation ages on ages ago, and hence that it is unreasonable and hopeless to look for evidence of change of any volcanic character still going on. . . . Speaking by our own lights, from our own experience and reasoning, we are disposed to conclude that in all visible aspects the lunar surface is unchangeable, that in fact it arrived at its

terminal condition *cons* of ages ago, and that in the survey of its wonderful features, even in the smallest details, we are presented with the sight of objects of such transcendent antiquity as to render the oldest geological features of the earth modern by comparison.

In regard to the possibility of the existence of any form of living organization at all comparable to the vital structures which teem so abundantly, and in such infinite diversity, upon the earth, there is no room for speculation or question. No vegetable organization could exist in the entire absence of moisture, and where at brief intervals of fourteen days the heat is of sufficient intensity to melt the least stubborn of metals, and then the cold immeasurably below that which is ever experienced in the arctic regions of the earth — where the usual monthly range of temperature is more than seven hundred degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometric scale, or nearly four times the difference between freezing ice and boiling water. Neither could any form of living animal, which the most lively physiological imagination could conceive, maintain the conditions of even the lowest kind of vitality in an atmosphere so rare that it could not sustain the column of the barometer the smallest fractional part of an inch.

Mr. Nasmyth is not only an earnest expositor of the orthodox views of the old Plutonian cosmogony, which teaches the molten condition of the orbs of space as antecedent to their consolidation into rocky, hard-coated spheres, he is also a thorough believer in the yet broader and more comprehensive assumptions of the elder Herschel and of Laplace, which trace back the formation of liquid spheres to the condensation of nebulous vapour. Mr. Nasmyth holds that no more satisfactory, or more philosophical, explanation of the origin of cosmical heat can be given than the one which attributes it to the influx, and consequent impact, of material particles, drawn simultaneously together by gravitating force, and to the conversion of the arrested motion of the concentrating mass into the rotary movement of the constituent molecules; and he refers, in terms of strong admiration, to the labours, in this department of research, of Julius Robert Mayer, of Heilbronn, and of Dr. Joule, of Manchester, as establishing the now generally accepted principle of the conservation and indestructibility of the physical forces of nature, and of the convertibility of motion into heat. He quotes, in illustration

of this part of his argument, the estimate of Professor Helmholtz, as to the amount of heat that would be generated by the condensation of the entire mass of the solar system—sun, planets, and worlds—from the nebulous into the liquid state; and which assumes a quantity that would be enough to raise a mass of water of the same weight $28,000,000^{\circ}$ C. There is, of course, a wide range for speculation in this part of the subject, but it will not be forgotten how much more coherence and meaning such speculative considerations have acquired since the spectroscopic has been brought to bear in investigating the physical conditions of the luminaries of space. In connection with these pages of Mr. Nasmyth's book, referring to the earliest periods of the history of the moon, there will come to the mind of the reader the discoveries recently made concerning the existing state of the great solar orb, which tell of columns of luminous gas thousands of miles high, and streams of white-hot meteoric hailstones millions of miles long, shot out from volcanic vents in the sun's incandescent, and certainly fluid, surface; of clouds of dark, heavy fumes, seemingly of condensing metallic vapours, rolled back into the whirling rents; of the engraven hieroglyphics—the dark lines of Fraunhofer—traced upon the prismatic spectrum of the sunbeam, to record that the rays sent forth from the incandescent sphere have to penetrate through a dense investment of heavy sublimations and vapours before they can emerge into transparent space. The most recent conclusions of this powerful method of research, it will be remembered, point to those brightest luminaries of the celestial hierarchy—the white stars—as isolated spheres in which heavy fumes of magnesium, sodium, and iron are kept scintillating in oceans of glowing gas, very much after the manner in which molecules of unsublimed carbon are kept scintillating in jets of glowing hydrogen in the flames of artificial illumination;—and to the lower grade of yellow stars and red stars as kindred spheres more surface-chilled, in which yet thicker vapours and agglomerating scoræ are gathering around the inner bright nucleus and dulling its lustre very much as the white-hot brightness of molten iron, in the founder's hands, is dimmed through the various tints of yellow and red while the fiery heat subsides. Yet other steps in the same line of argument suggest that the larger and outer

members of the planetary system are spheres in which small solid nuclei are enveloped in deep liquid oceans, or atmospheres, that have lost, in the further process of cooling, all shining power, although they still scatter radiant heat into space, and so perform the subordinate function of "heat-suns." In the views of Mr. Nasmyth our own pleasant world is but a more finished production in which the still molten, and yet radiant, central nucleus has been shut up in a thick, cold shell of consolidated substance; and the moon is the ultimate and final issue of the same process, in which the cold, solid crust has extended to the very core, and all has become a chilled cindery mass, in which the outer pittings and frettings are the only vestiges that remain to tell of the fiery ordeal which has been passed through.

Mr. Proctor, in his recently printed description of "The Moon," has, in that portion of the work which is especially devoted to "aspect, scenery, and physical condition," travelled essentially over the same ground as Mr. Nasmyth, and in doing so he has strongly marked the distinction that there is between making a book in years and writing a book in days. Mr. Proctor has brought together, and he has done this with a considerable manifestation of ability and industry, a copious collection of references to the labours and views of inquirers who have worked in this field. In this gathering there appear the pittings of the moon's surface with meteoric rain, the groovings and scorings of its rocks with glacial action, the manufacture of annular craters by the bursting of surface bubbles, the fracturing of the hardened crust, and the fusion of subjacent rock by the impact of the concussion; and the swallowing up of primeval seas by the opening out of internal cavities and caverns. Perhaps upon the whole, the part of these manifold references which takes the strongest hold upon the reader's attention is Mr. Proctor's comments upon the views of Mallet, first fully developed in an article contributed to the "Philosophical Magazine" of December 1872, which ascribe the development of volcanic energy, and the fusion of rock, to the crushing-in of large broken masses of the crust of the earth, and to the production of lakes and pockets of red-hot lava of comparatively limited extent, where the mechanical impulse of the shattering and dislocation is transformed into heat. Over and above his favourable regard for this theory, Mr.

Proctor seems to incline, in dealing with the moon's formative history, to the notion that "processes of contraction and of gathering-in of matter from without," have sufficed "to produce all the effects of disturbance which have brought the moon to its present condition." As an exponent of this particular part of the theme, namely, the description of the physical state and history of the moon, Mr. Nasmyth's book is very much like the Wargentin of his illustrations—a cup full to the rounded brim with outwelling substance furnished from within, while Mr. Proctor's book has the aspect rather of an agglomeration of matter "pitted with meteoric rain," and fashioned from the gathering-in of extraneous contributions. This remark, however, is to be understood as limited to that portion of the subject which of necessity comes most immediately into comparison with the work of Mr. Nasmyth. Mr. Proctor is very much more original and very much more at home when he deals with the more congenial theme of "*the motions*" of the moon, which will presently be spoken of.

Attempts were made, even as early as the middle of the seventeenth century, to construct maps of the moon, in which all the objects that had been discovered by the telescope were sketched in their relative positions. In 1837 the Germans Beer and Maedler published a really splendid map of the moon, thirty-seven inches across, in which all the leading objects, amounting to several hundreds in number, are laid down, the names of the older observers being for the most part attached to them. Mr. Proctor has included in his book a very good copy of Beer and Maedler's map on a reduced scale. Mr. Nasmyth, on his part, has given in his volume what he aptly terms a "Picture map of the Moon;" a chart which is constructed upon an altogether novel and very admirable plan. In it the objects are all represented in the bold relief of light and shadow which they acquire under the most favourable circumstances of illumination. The several objects are, therefore, shown as they never can be seen altogether at one time; but each one has the aspect and individuality by which it is best known, when viewed in its most pronounced form in the telescope, fringed by the shadows of oblique light. On account of the readiness with which each familiar object is caught by the eye, this is a very excellent and welcome expedient.

When, some two centuries ago, Sir Isaac Newton was engaged in knotting the first meshes of the marvellous net of intellectual apprehension that has since enveloped a firmament of worlds and suns, it was fortunately a correlative fact that there was one bright luminary, moving so swiftly and punctually round in the heavens, among the stars, and so ostentatiously and demonstratively marking its course over those illuminated graduations of the nocturnal sky, that it at once suggested itself as a ready and obvious test of the accuracy of the great mathematician's novel conception. Newton was indeed, for a passing instant, so staggered by the very aptness and sufficiency of this rough-and-ready proof that he was, for the time, thrown off the scent of his wonderful discovery. In common with other mathematicians of the day he had adopted an erroneous estimate of the size of the earth, and valued each degree of the meridian as having a span of sixty miles. When he attempted to square the movements of the moon, and the necessities of his theory, with this old estimate, as the medium of the comparison, it was manifest that the movements and the theory could not be made to agree. But by one of the lucky coincidences that sometimes occur in mundane affairs, it happened that, just at the critical moment of the investigation, the French astronomer, Picard, detected the error in the earth's measure, and extended the length of a degree of the meridian to sixty-nine miles and an eighth. When this correction was taken into account in the calculations of Newton it immediately appeared that his assumption of the identity of the force that made a stone fall to the ground, and that made the moon curve, in its remote orbit, towards the earth, was substantially correct, and from that time the Newtonian theory of gravitation became an assured possession of human science, to be thenceforth wielded by astronomers and mathematicians to interminable and momentous issues.

The proof which the moon furnished of the truth of Newton's conception of the universality of gravitation was simply and essentially this. The moon circles about the earth at a distance of sixty of the earth's half-diameters from the terrestrial surface, and therefore in a position where, if the assumption of the theory that gravitating force diminishes in proportion to the distance from which it is exerted be correct, the attraction of the earth should be sixty times less than

it is at the earth's surface. The moon should therefore be drawn, by the earth's attraction, as far in one minute (which is sixty seconds) as a stone at the earth's surface is drawn in one second. Now the moon at its distance of sixty half-diameters of the earth, or 240,000 miles, moves through a circular path which is 1,646,015 miles long; and it performs this journey in 27 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes, or in 39,343 minutes; and in order that it may complete such a journey in such a time it has to move round in a curve which falls out, towards the earth, from a straight course, 16 7-9 feet every 419 miles. Now 419 miles is the distance through which the moon moves in a minute; and therefore the moon does fall towards the earth, under its attraction, 16 7-9 feet in a minute; just as a stone falls towards the surface of the earth 16 7-9 feet in a second. Consequently the force which draws the moon and the force which draws the stone is one and the same, its power being only diminished sixty times in the case of the moon, because it is exerted from a distance sixty times as great.

In reality, however, the moon does not move in an exactly circular path, and with unchanging velocity. It is sometimes a little nearer to, and sometimes a little farther from, the earth; and it sweeps along with a pace that is sometimes a little more rapid, and sometimes a little less rapid, than 419 miles in the minute; and these irregularities are due, not to any one influence, but to the combination of a very large number of separate influences that vary in direction and force from instant to instant, and that can nevertheless be hunted down by the relentless scent of mathematical analysis, and that must be hunted down, and fixed, each in its exact integrity, if the moon's movements are to be calculated beforehand, and tabulated in such a form that they can be turned to account by sailors in navigating their ships upon the wide, trackless sea. This regulated irregularity, indeed, is the great charm which the moon's movements have for practical astronomers; for it has been found through a long experience that each fresh discovery of an irregularity of movement infallibly leads also to the discovery of a previously missing link in the chain of the Newtonian theory. Each particular irregularity is due to some special interference that invariably hangs upon the action of gravity somewhere. Therefore having seized the irregularity, the

cause of the disturbance can be tracked to its hidden lair. The searching-out of these minor perturbations of the moon has been carried on, since Newton's time, with unceasing attention, and, indeed, is still persevered in with ever-increasing rigour and exactness. The perfecting, as it is called, of the tables of the moon is the staple work of all the most important national observatories, amongst which, in this point of view, the Royal Observatory at Greenwich stands certainly pre-eminent. This progressive correction of the tables of the moon is entirely a process of continued comparison of exact instrumental observation of the satellite's place amongst the stars with calculations that have been made beforehand, so that any failure of the moon to take some special place that has been assigned to it for that particular instant, may furnish the clue to fresh causes of disturbance and perturbation, which may be used for insuring better forecasts in the future when they have been tracked and ascertained.

The Royal Observatory at Greenwich was built in the reign of Charles II. "for the rectifying the tables of the motions of the heavens, and the places of the fixed stars, so as to find out the longitudes of places for the perfecting the art of navigation." Flamsteed, a contemporary of Newton, was appointed the first "astronomical observer" of the king, or "astronomer royal," in 1674, and the work of the observatory was commenced in 1676. The earliest mural circle, or large circle attached to the face of a wall, with a graduated scale, for exact observations in the meridian, was constructed by Flamsteed at his own expense in 1689, and with this exact instrument the systematic study of the moon's movements was initiated, two years after the publication of the "*Principia*," which contained the final development of Newton's great theory. In 1694 Flamsteed supplied Newton with a series of observed places of the moon for use in his calculations. A notable illustration is afforded of the appreciation which was given to astronomical science at this time in the fact that the first mural circle in the observatory was constructed at Flamsteed's own expense; that Flamsteed's salary for his public service was 100*l.* per annum, with a deduction of 10*l.* per annum for a tax, and was coupled with the condition that he should instruct two of the Christchurch schoolboys in nautical astronomy; and

that the salary of an indispensable assistant was also paid by him. Flamsteed died on the last day of the year 1719, being at that time sixty-four years of age. His observations were printed five years after his death under the title "*Historia Cælestis Britannica*;" and the second volume of this work contained places of the moon computed from observation.

Flamsteed was succeeded in the Royal Observatory by Edmund Halley, who was also a contemporary of Newton, and who began his work at the observatory when he was sixty-four years old. It is probable that he was induced to enter upon so laborious an office at such an advanced period of his life on account of the great advantage the position afforded him for prosecuting certain researches into the moon's movements upon which he was already engaged. He constructed a new transit-instrument and a mural quadrant, and pursued his investigations with these. About ten years after his accession at Greenwich the reflecting quadrant — the mechanical contrivance which rendered lunar observations at sea, for the determination of the longitude, possible — was discovered independently by Hadley in England and by Godfrey in America. Tables of the comparison of observed and computed places of the moon from 1722 to 1739 were constructed by Halley, and these were subsequently printed. Edmund Halley died in 1742.

The third astronomer royal was James Bradley, whose name is inscribed in the annals of science in imperishable characters, on account of his being the inventor of the zenith-sector and the discoverer of the aberration of light and of the nutation of the earth's axis. He administered the affairs of the Royal Observatory from 1742 to 1761, and the era of what is termed the "exact observations" of Greenwich is generally considered to date from about this time; or more exactly from 1750. His observations were printed after his death by the University of Oxford. During the rule of Bradley at the Royal Observatory, the French astronomer, Lacaille, determined the horizontal parallax of the moon, or, in other words, its distance from the earth, with much greater precision than had been found possible previously; and Mayer, of Gottingen, also completed a series of lunar tables, based on observations of eclipses and of occultations of fixed stars by the moon, which were found to give the proper places of the moon within a minute and a half of

celestial longitude. These tables took into account fifteen distinct forms of irregularity. Bradley compared the actual corresponding places of the moon with the forecasts of these tables, and reported in regard to them that they unquestionably rendered it possible for sailors to find their position in the open sea, by observing the distance of the moon from certain standard fixed stars, within one degree of longitude; and that they therefore virtually fulfilled the object for which a public reward had been offered. Mayer's widow in consequence after his death received the sum of 3,000*l.* from the British government in recognition of the important service thus rendered to the science of navigation. Mayer's tables were extended and otherwise improved twelve years afterwards by Mason, and the possible errors in observing and calculating longitudes at sea were pronounced to be then further diminished very nearly one-third.

In the last year of Bradley's life, John Harrison, a Yorkshire carpenter and mechanic, rendered the construction of the chronometer so perfect that it became possible for the sailor to carry Greenwich time with him through long voyages, so that thenceforth he could make the chronometer serve the same purpose as observing the distance between the moon and a star. In 1761 Harrison sent a chronometer to Jamaica, which only went wrong five seconds and a tenth during the voyage, and this it was found would not have involved an error in longitude for the ship's place of more than two miles. The sum of 20,000*l.* was awarded to Harrison by an act of Parliament for this improvement of the marine chronometer. The observation of lunar distances at sea became of only secondary importance after this. But it was still held of great consequence, on account of its supplying the means of checking and verifying the performance of the chronometers, and of replacing them altogether in case of accident.

On the year in which Harrison perfected the construction of the marine chronometer, Dr. Bliss succeeded Bradley as astronomer royal. But he died within four years, and so left no material contribution to the efficiency of the observatory. Neville Maskelyne followed him in 1765, and continued his distinguished services as astronomer royal for the long term of forty-six years. He had been so fortunate as to have been previously engaged in observing the transit

of Venus at St. Helena in 1761, and co-operated in the subsequent observation of this phenomenon, eight years afterwards, on the historical occasion when Cooke was sent to Otaheite. Maskelyne introduced at the Royal Observatory the method of noting the transits of celestial bodies over a system of five vertical wires placed in the field of the telescope, and first ventured upon the refinement of reckoning the meridian-passage of a star within tenths of seconds. The distinguished honour also belongs to him of having commenced the publication of the Nautical Almanac, which first appeared two years after his appointment as astronomer royal. He was engaged with the preparation of a fine mural circle for the observatory when his useful life was brought to a close at the advanced age of seventy-nine years.

During the reign of Maskelyne at the Royal Observatory, the French mathematicians Laplace and Lagrange had been making important progress in investigating theoretically the moon's movements. A slight continued acceleration of the moon's rate of travelling, and a gradual shifting of the points where the planes of the orbits of the moon and of the earth cross each other, and of the situation of the moon's farthest departure from the earth in each turn of its revolution, were traced to a gradual diminution in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. The disturbing influence of the equatorial bulging of the earth, and of the varying distance of the sun, had also been detected. In consequence of these rapid and important advances in theoretical knowledge the French Academy of Sciences thought it well to offer a prize for new tables of the moon in which all these discoveries should be taken into account. Tables were published in answer to this appeal in 1802, by Tobias Burg, of Vienna, and these were still further developed, as it was then thought, in 1811 by the astronomer Burckhardt, who discussed no less than 400 observations of the moon for this purpose. The extended tables of Burckhardt were thenceforth adopted in the preparation of the Nautical Almanac, under the impression that they were the best then available; but it unfortunately happened that a complicated and involved form of expression had been used in them, which served to conceal for a long time certain inherent imperfections. It was only in subsequent years that it was discovered these tables allowed errors in the moon's calculated

place as large as half a minute of longitude.

John Pond succeeded Maskelyne at the Royal Observatory, and he had the satisfaction of adding a large transit-instrument to the equipment of the place. He gave great attention to establishing the positions of standard fixed stars that could be used as the graduations of the heavens from which the moon's movements had to be measured. The great improvement, however, which he introduced into observational astronomy, and which enabled him to accomplish his object of getting more exact observations of the fixed stars, was the very beautiful method of observing the image of the star reflected from the still surface of mercury at the same instant that the star was seen through the telescope. The half of the angular measure that was included between the lines of sight in which the two observations were made of necessity gave the height of the star above the horizon. In this way all levels and plumb-lines for getting the bearing of the horizon were summarily dispensed with. The observation found its own horizon by the simple expedient of establishing reflection from an absolutely horizontal surface. This method of getting elevations above the horizon is of the most exquisite perfection of delicacy and exactness, and is so entirely satisfactory that it is still in use in observing altitudes and polar distances with the great meridian-instruments at Greenwich.

The seventh individual in the series of distinguished men, which completes the list of the astronomers royal of Great Britain, is Sir George Biddell Airy, who succeeded Pond in 1835, and still happily fills the place of "astronomical observer" at the great national observatory. It would not be an easy task to enumerate all the good services that this energetic veteran has rendered in his long term of thirty-nine years' service. But some of these must be named on account of the direct bearing they have upon the perturbational history of the moon and the perfection of the tables of the moon's movements. While Mr. Airy was yet directing the operations of the observatory of the University of Cambridge he introduced the admirable and most important practice of having all current observations at once reduced, with the necessary refinements of correction, and printed side by side with the corresponding terms of the tables that presumably represent them, so that each particular

failure in the table might be apparent at a glance. Before this period all the moon-observations had been taken by meridian-instruments; that is to say, the place of the moon was noted on the instant that it crossed the meridian, by measuring its height in declination above some standard fixed star, and its distance in right ascension from the same star counted in seconds of time that elapsed between the consecutive meridian-passages of the moon and star. This method of observing is very exact, but it of necessity limits very materially the number of moon-observations that can be made. As soon, therefore, as the present astronomer royal had fairly entered upon his career of public service, he set himself to add to the equipment of the observatory an instrument by which good observations of the moon could be taken *out of the meridian*. The instrument which he constructed for this purpose was the fine altazimuth, that is still in use, and that answers the end for which it was contrived admirably. With it the position of the moon is compared with that of standard fixed stars when it is still far from the meridian on either side, and, what is of still greater importance, the moon is also observed in a part of its orbit in which no observation at all can be taken upon the meridian, and in which part, therefore, there was previously no means of checking off its irregularities of pace. By this expedient of extra-meridional observation the number of satisfactory observations of the moon has been trebled. In the year 1848 Mr. Airy printed the reduced and corrected observations of 8,000 places of the moon that had been made at the Royal Observatory between 1750 and 1830, and which had, up to that time, been of no practical avail, on account of not having had these essential reductions and corrections applied. Other notable improvements in instrumental work that have been effected by the present astronomer royal are the adoption of a plan, which he himself devised, of taking the observation of both the direct and reflected images of a star upon the meridian by the same instrument, instead of employing two instruments for the purpose, as was previously done; and the fusion of the two great meridian-instruments, namely the transit and the mural circle, into one, so that both declinations and right ascensions can be read off at one observation, instead of requiring two instruments and two observers. The transit-circle which has

thus been introduced at Greenwich has now superseded the double-instrument system at all the best observatories.

The near approach to perfection which the lunar theory and the tables of the moon have made has mainly resulted from two centuries of unintermittent work at the national observatory, which commenced with Flamsteed, and which, happily, has not yet ended with Airy. It is, at the present time, just two full centuries since the warrant was issued by the second Charles for the appointment of an "astronomical observer" to look after the scientific interests of navigation, and it is certainly a notable circumstance that through this long stretch of two hundred years there have been only seven astronomers royal. If the one exceptionally short-lived astronomer royal be withdrawn from the list, the official lives of the remaining six make up the term of 196 years, and this gives very nearly thirty-three years for the official life of each individual of the series; a very fair allowance indeed, considering the work that is accomplished in the time.

It has been already intimated what the subtle power is that renders all this elaborate watching, calculating, and tabulating of the moon's movements necessary before they can be turned to account and trusted as guides on the pathless ocean. It is the perturbing influence which different bodies exert upon each other's movements when they lie continually at different distances, and in different relative positions in regard to each other, and which is an unavoidable consequence of the universality of gravitation. Under the operation of this all-comprehending power, not only does the earth pull the moon to make it circle round itself in a curving orbit, but the sun pulls the moon, and the moon pulls the earth, and the earth pulls the sun, and each of the three bodies does this in a direction which is varying at each successive instant, and from a distance and with a force that is also varying at each instant in consequence of changing distance. The result is that intricate swayings to and fro, instead of a regular circling, are performed; and these swayings to and fro have to be taken into account by observational astronomy, in order that the Nautical Almanac, which has to give the prognosticated places of the moon three years beforehand, may be printed in proper time.

The first great irregularity in the movement of the moon that was discovered

was known to the Alexandrian astronomer Ptolemy, nearly eighteen centuries ago. This largest of the moon's irregularities, which is technically distinguished as "evection," places the moon sometimes one degree and fifteen minutes, or twice and a half the breadth of its own face, in advance of, or behind, the position it would occupy if it moved round the earth in a regular circle at an unvarying pace. Two other large irregularities were discovered by Tycho Brahe, ninety-five years before Sir Isaac Newton perfected his great theory. These were termed the variation and parallactic inequality, and the annual equation of the moon. Other, also comparatively large, irregularities are designated the progression of the moon's perigee, and the elliptical irregularity. In order that the reader may get a general apprehension of what these coarser and longest-known irregularities mean, he must simply think of the moon as moving in an elliptical orbit about the earth, and of the earth as moving in a larger elliptical orbit about the sun; and he must then endeavour also to picture to himself the moon's movement as lying in a plane that is tilted in regard to the plane in which the earth moves about the sun, and which has the direction of this tilt slowly but continually shifted round. Then he will readily conceive that at every succeeding instant the rate and direction of the moon's progress are altered by the incessantly changing distance that separates it from the earth and sun, and the continually varying direction from which both the earth and sun exert their attractive power. The chief of these disturbances take effect in alternately quickening and retarding the moon's pace, and therefore in accelerating or diminishing its right ascension among the stars. But the tilting of the planes of the two orbits in regard to each other besides contributing to this result also takes effect in raising or depressing the moon's position in latitude.

As many as forty distinct irregularities of the moon's movement have now been detected, tracked to their source by the sagacity of the astronomer and mathematician, and so exhaustively examined and discussed that they can henceforth be taken into account in astronomical forecasts. Some of the most recently discovered of these minor irregularities are invested with surpassing interest on account of the light they shed upon the magnificent impartiality and universality

of the great gravitation-law. An error of eight seconds of position—that is, of only the 225th part of the breadth of the moon's face—which recurs every nine years and three quarters, has, for instance, been traced to the influence of the pull of the protuberant mass of the earth's equator upon the moon, varying in potential amount as the plane of the moon's orbit is inclined more or less to the plane of the earth's motion, between the extremes of nineteen and twenty-eight degrees. Another small irregularity of long period—namely, an alternate acceleration and retardation of the moon's movement to the extent of twenty-three seconds every 239 years, which was first detected by the present astronomer royal in 1846—was demonstrated by Professor P. A. Hansen, now of the Ducal Observatory of Gotha, to be due to an influence exerted by the planet *Venus upon the earth*. Venus retards the pace of the earth for 120 years, and then increases it for 120 years. So long as the slower rate prevails the earth is drawn in nearer to the sun. When the quicker speed prevails the earth moves off from the sun. But in both cases the moon goes with the earth, and consequently is first more energetically, and then less energetically, drawn by the sun. When most drawn by the sun its own pace is quickened, and when least drawn it is retarded. Professor Hansen believes that he has also referred another small irregularity of the long period of 273 years to the *direct* influence of the planet Venus upon the moon; but this has been since questioned, as will presently be seen.

So early as the year 1829 occasional letters from Professor Hansen, in the "*Astronomische Nachrichten*," indicated that he was at work upon the still untracked irregularities of the moon. In 1838, he published in Gotha a work entitled "*Fundamenta Nova Investigationis Orbite vere quam Luna peritrat*." The last fruits of his investigations were the examinations of the influence of Venus in producing the two irregularities of long period which have been alluded to. These were completed shortly before the Schleswig-Holstein war. It then became known that a series of lunar tables which the professor had been working upon very anxiously would have to be laid aside for some time, on account of the embarrassments brought upon the Danish government, to which Hansen was then attached, by the

war. Our own astronomer royal, however, very gallantly came to the rescue, and induced the British government to undertake the charge of completing the calculations, and printing the tables. The calculations were finished at a cost of 300*l*. The tables were printed by the Board of Admiralty, and Professor Hansen paid a pleasant visit to Greenwich to pass his work through the press. It is upon record, as a characteristic trait of this distinguished astronomer, that when this welcome assistance was extended to his work he was calmly preparing to continue his elaborate and intricate computations single-handed, and was only filled with concern at the contemplation of the long time that would have to elapse before his labour could be finished. By these tables errors of right ascension, which had notoriously been found to be as large as five-and-a-half seconds when the tables of Burckhardt were employed by the computers, were at once reduced to two-and-a-half seconds. The gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society was awarded to Professor Hansen in 1860 for this great service. In presenting the medal the president of the Astronomical Society spoke of the residual errors of the lunar theory as having been at last reduced to altogether insignificant limits, and of the great nautical problem of finding the longitude at sea as having been solved.

As Mr. Nasmyth, however, has pertinently remarked, "the truths of Nature are forever playing hide and seek with those who follow them." At the very time when this eulogium was in process of delivery in the small crowded room in Somerset House, another astronomer was actually dealing with the "remaining questions" with a still subtler refinement. Charles Eugène Delaunay had already made considerable progress with a work which was destined to throw even Hansen's admirable labours into the shade; and almost immediately after, the first volume of a large treatise on the "Theory of the Moon's Motion," by M. Delaunay, appeared as a portion of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences of Paris*, and the second volume followed in 1867. In these treatises an entire re-examination of all the perturbing influences that affect the moon's motions is effected, and the discussion of some of the most recondite of these influences is carried further than it ever had been before. The disturbing power is traced through fifty-seven distinct operations, and the results

are formulated into 461 distinct periodical terms. The mere details of the processes that are employed in this calculation are printed in 138 pages of the memoir. The gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society was awarded to M. Delaunay, in 1870, for his "*Théorie de la Lune*;" and in presenting the medal, Professor Adams, one of the greatest of living authorities on this branch of human knowledge, spoke of this great work as having been planned with admirable skill, and carried out with matchless perseverance, and as constituting an enduring scientific monument of which the age may well be proud.

The author of the elaborate and masterly calculations which were thus spoken of by Professor Adams was appointed director of the Paris Observatory just about the period when he received the medal. Shortly after this his time was entirely occupied in his efforts to preserve the delicate and costly instruments of the observatory from injury during the siege of Paris by the Germans. He had scarcely resumed the routine of his official duties after the close of the Franco-German war, when he was snatched from the sphere of his distinguished labours by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat in the Bay of Cherbourg. His death from this lamentable accident occurred on the 5th of August, 1872. The third volume of his "Theory of the Moon," which would have contained his tables of the moon's movements, perfected by his own especial method of handling, has not been published. Sir George Airy speaks of the "lunar theory of Delaunay as a glorious work, almost superhuman in its labour, and perfect beyond others in the detailed exhibition of its results;" and adds that every term in the book is more complete than it has been made by any preceding writer; but that some terms to which great interest would have attached have been lost for the present by the untimely death of the author.

Yet again, however, there is light upon the horizon, and promise that the gap which has been left by the premature death of M. Delaunay will be filled in by no incompetent hand. On January 9 a paper was read at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society by the astronomer royal, in which he announced that he had himself taken up the garment which had fallen from the shoulders of M. Delaunay, and that he had commenced a lunar theory, in which he intended to avail himself of certain of Delaunay's fundamental ex-

pressions, and then to proceed by a new method of his own which would have the great advantage that every co-efficient throughout the process would be expressed by simple numbers, and so allow much of the labour to be carried through by mere computers of average training and skill. Sir George Airy has printed the details of this method with sufficient fulness and completeness to enable the work to be carried through by other hands, if, unfortunately, he should not be able to finish it himself. Both M. Delaunay and the astronomer royal reject one of the corrections based upon Professor Hansen's view of the action of Venus upon the moon; and after this rejection it appears that there is still a discrepancy between theory and observation, which oscillates through a long period between a retardation of 679 seconds and an acceleration of 493 seconds, which has not been traced, but which Sir George believes his method will eliminate.

Before concluding the narrative of this marvellous episode of sustained intellectual effort, it may be as well to remark that the successful observation of the transit of Venus at the close of the current year may be expected to furnish a last touch to the perfection of the lunar theory. It is anticipated that after this observation the uncertain quantity of 300,000 miles which stands at this time as a possible error in the estimate of the sun's distance, will be reduced to about 50,000 miles. If this anticipation is fulfilled, the more exact and reliable measure of the sun's distance, so secured, will have a material effect in perfecting the method of determining terrestrial longitudes, and of so giving a finer and firmer grasp upon the last residual irregularities of the moon.

Mr. Proctor's book deals largely with the question of these irregularities of the moon's movement, and it does so with a method that he has made very much his own by the ready and copious facility with which he conceives pictorial illustrations of geometrical subjects. In recent years Mr. Proctor has been almost as fertile in the production of popular works on astronomical subjects as Mr. Anthony Trollope has been in the matter of popular novels. "The Sun;" "Other Worlds than Ours;" "The Moon;" "Saturn and its Systems;" "The Orbs around us;" "Essays on Astronomy;" "A New Star-Atlas," and "The Universe and the Coming Transits," are some of

the instances of this fecundity, which have been all produced within something like an eighth of the time that has been occupied by Mr. Nasmyth in preparing his monograph on the moon. The geometrical part of Mr. Proctor's book comprises about 160 pages, and these pages are illustrated by a series of sixty-five clever geometrical designs, which look, many of them, like the elaborate and beautiful figures produced by amateur turners who delight in eccentric chucks. In reference to this part of his book, and in explanation of his own purpose in regard to it, Mr. Proctor says:—

I propose to endeavour in this place to present the subject in a merely popular, yet exact manner. I wish the reader to see, not merely how the law of gravity accounts for the more obvious features of the moon's motion, but also how her peculiarities of motion—her perturbations—are explained by the law of attraction. On the one hand the Scylla of too great simplicity is to be avoided, lest the reader should be left with the impression that the evidence for the law of gravity is not so complete as it actually is; on the other hand the Charybdis of complexity must be escaped from, lest the general reader be deterred altogether from the investigation of a subject which is not only extremely important, but in reality full of interest. I invite the general student to notice in the first instance that the whole of the following line of argument must be attentively followed. If a single paragraph be omitted, or slurred over, what follows will forthwith become perplexing. But I believe I can promise him that with this sole *proviso* he will meet with no difficulties of an important nature.

The reader of these pages of geometrical demonstration is certainly safe from the rock that Mr. Proctor speaks of. After the clever ingenuity in the construction of such illustrations which has been alluded to, the next characteristic of Mr. Proctor's work is unquestionably sufficiency and accuracy in matters of scientific detail. In this particular he stands almost without a rival among copious writers on popular science. Whether the reader is also safe from the whirlpool of the mid-passage it is not equally easy to say; but if he does find himself ultimately sucked into the Charybdis of complexity, the untoward result will at least be more due to the unalterable and unavoidable intricacy of the channel than to inefficiency in the sailing-directions. The plain and unreserved truth of the matter is that any reader who can follow to the end this neat and clever piece of consecutive geometrical reasoning, must

possess a certain amount of mathematical aptitude, and must have had some measure of technical training. The accomplished geometrician's idea of the "purely popular" unfortunately varies considerably in some particulars from the idea of the same attribute that is entertained by the general run of fairly educated men. If the reader succeed in mastering this explanation of a very complicated subject, without foundering in the midway whirlpool, he will have good reason to be satisfied with the result of his adventurous voyage.

The most original, and perhaps most successful part of Mr. Proctor's handling of this complex subject is that which refers to what are termed the librations of the moon; that is, the nodding to and fro, to a small extent, of the portion of the lunar sphere which is directed towards the earth. The moon goes round the earth much as if it were placed on the end of a long rigid arm, which turned upon a pivot fixed nearly at the earth's centre; that is to say, it turns once upon itself as it revolves once round the earth, and keeps itself nearly upright as it does so, and in this way always presents the same face towards the earth. But because it does not move round the earth *quite upright*, and because, in its eccentric course, it shoots along sometimes a little more quickly, and sometimes a little more slowly, than it shifts round upon itself, a little more, of sometimes one part and sometimes another part, of the further half is brought forward into view. In this way about four-sevenths, instead of one-half, of the entire surface of the moon become visible to human eyes. These librations or balancings of the moon are an interesting part of the consequences of perturbation, but there is one of them — that, namely, which takes place in longitude — which is of surpassing importance, on account of the evidence which it affords of the actual shape of the moon. The investigations of Newton into these balancings, and the subsequent extension of the inquiry by Lagrange, have made it obvious that the moon not only is slightly protuberant at its equatorial belt, but that it also is bulged out a little at the part which is most directly opposite to the earth. The moon is 186 feet thicker through in this particular direction than in its other next largest diameters, and Lagrange had no doubt that this bulging out towards the earth at one point is the potential cause of the moon always turning one face towards the ter-

restrial observer. He believed that the rotation of the moon upon itself was at some remote period of its history performed in a period that differed very materially from the term of the moon's revolution about the earth, and that the attraction of the earth, acting most powerfully upon this protuberant point, gradually dragged the rotation-period down into conformity with the time of the orbital revolution.

But of all the perturbation-manifestations of gravitating force, the one that has the most vital interest for man is unquestionably that which comes out as the "tides of the ocean;" and it is matter of some regret, on account of the telling illustration which these periodical swellings of the waters afford of the ruling fact that is at the bottom of all such balancings, noddings, and swayings, that this subject may not be further pursued at the end of a review article which has already made a very large demand upon the reader's attention.

From Good Cheer.

THE COUNT'S DAUGHTERS.

PART II. — UN MARIAGE ROMANESQUE.

I.

AFTER the marriage of Héléne the family of Champfleuri relapsed into quiet. Whether the *comtesse* was exhausted with her exertions, or whether she thought Mélanie young enough to leave her at leisure for a time, or whether Mélanie herself, who was certainly fantastical and indulged in notions, was the cause of this lull, nobody exactly knew. There were many persons who thought Madame de Champfleuri exceedingly remiss in her maternal duties. "She has married one daughter — *bien!*" said the critics, "but she has still a daughter to marry; and unless there is some private arrangement of which the world knows nothing, it is unheard of that the Champfleuris should return to their *château*, and give themselves up to that *vie de campagne* which is no doubt delightful to the old and weary, but death alive to the young; and where, we should like to know, does she expect to find a husband for Mélanie?" "Husbands are not picked up in ploughed fields like turnips!" cried the more indignant. There were others, however, who belonged to the circle in which the Champfleuris moved, who cried "Hush!"

and whispered to each other little phrases, in which the words *entête* and *romanesque* invariably occurred. These critics smiled, but they smiled kindly; for, to tell the truth, to be romantic as well as to be religious has become an evidence of high breeding and good taste among the highest circles in France. A member of the old *noblesse* can do nothing more admirable, more popular, than to marry for love, to live like a patriarch in his old castle, and to have fifteen children—in short, to do exactly what his grandfather would have thought plebeian, if not *épiciér*. Such is the revolution of the times! The old *noblesse* used to be corrupt and the people simple and good, so far as any mass of people are ever good and simple; but the times have changed, and now it is the marquises and dukes who have succeeded to the peasants' virtues, while the peasant himself emulates the grand *seigneur* of pre-revolution times. Accordingly, the *faubourg*, which the Champfleuris had abandoned for the country, had a tenderness for Mélanie, who was romantic, and took an interest in her, even though it gently condemned her mother for yielding to the *petite's* fanciful notions. "So long as it does not go too far!" they said. When, however, Mélanie approached twenty without being married, the world in general began to feel that it was going too far. What did the *comtesse* mean by giving in to her? A daughter of a good house, and with no reasonable cause to prevent her from marrying, yet at twenty unmarried, unbetrothed, and nobody taking any trouble about her! Romance is good; it is a mark of delicate feeling, of fine sensibility, of taste and noble blood; but then it ought not to go too far. At seventeen, *bien!* but at twenty it certainly was the duty of the family to interfere.

This was the text upon which Madame Charles preached many effective little sermons, when the second spring came round after Hélène's marriage, and not even the initial step had been taken by way of marrying Mélanie. "I comprehend," said Madame Charles, "that in England there is no objection that a young girl should remain unmarried. It is the custom of the country. But here it is not so. Figure to yourself that our Mélanie is twenty! I have had the pleasure of mentioning to you, *ma sœur*, three different gentlemen, any one of whom would have been a match perfectly

well assorted. But time passes, and nothing is done."

"*Ma sœur*, it is true! alas, it is true!" said Madame de Champfleuri. She shrugged her shoulders, and an anxious wrinkle in her forehead grew deeper. "Nothing can exceed the bounty you have had for my daughter; but *que voulez-vous?* Mélanie is a fool. She will do nothing that is right for a young girl to do. Am I a tyrant, to force my child to marry a man whom she hates? You ask, and with reason, how does she know she will hate them till she sees them? But no! to make her listen to reason is impossible. I tell her that when she is older she will be compelled to throw herself into the *chasse aux maris*, like the English, or not to marry at all."

"And she replies——?"

"That she will not marry, then, at all. Figure it to yourself! I think of nothing else night and day. Imagine a Mademoiselle de Champfleuri at sixty! It is monstrous—nay, it is an anachronism! It belongs to the *ancien régime*."

"Without even a vocation!" said Madame Charles, "which was something, and consoled the family. My aunt and my grandaunt were both Ursulines at Saint-Pierre; but Mélanie is not made for a religious life; she has no vocation. I do not understand what she means."

The *comtesse* shrugged her shoulders once more. She was more perplexed than any one else as to what Mélanie could mean, and she was worse than perplexed—she was baffled. It was the first time in her life that this had happened to Madame de Champfleuri. She had always succeeded hitherto in her undertakings. She had married her son and her daughter, and no one had rebelled against her will; and when first she met with Mélanie's resistance she was petrified; but by this time she had become accustomed to it. Mélanie resisted persistently, would not see any one, declined even to hear of the suitable *partis* whom Madame Charles had heard of. In France, parents are not in the way of seriously crossing their children. When such a tremendous accident happens as that a child resists the matrimonial or other arrangements made for it, there is a terrible commotion; but after a while, in ordinary cases, the parents give in; and so it had been here. The *comtesse* was ashamed of her own dereliction of duty, and felt herself wanting

in courage and pertinacity. She said to herself that it was shameful to sacrifice Mélanie's interests to her whims, and felt that she dared not compromise herself with all her friends by confessing to them that the girl's romantic scruples had thus set at nought all the traditions of French society; but notwithstanding she gave in somewhat bitterly and grimly. She yielded against her will, against her principles; and even Madame Charles, whose criticism was especially obnoxious to her sister-in-law, had it in her power to twit her with failure. She was at the mercy of her friends; she deserved all that could be said to her; Mélanie was twenty, and no arrangements for her marriage had as yet reached even the most preliminary stage!

As for Mélanie herself, she was in a gently pensive, but on the whole happy state of mind. She had no particular desire to be married. She did not want to be at liberty to read naughty novels, and go to opera balls. She had a great many simple pleasures, which quite satisfied her. She was fond of her father and mother, as a great many girls are everywhere; and though she liked her brother-in-law, Henri de Mondroit, very much, and knew that Hélène was a happy wife, yet this romantic young person looked down upon that unromantic match with condescending pity and a gentle contempt. Yes; it suited Hélène very well, no one could doubt that; but it would not suit Mélanie. To live unmarried was nothing; but to have a marriage arranged for one, without love, without choice — *ciel!* Mélanie felt that she would rather die; and as twenty, after all, is not a very advanced age, she did not feel herself on the wane, as her anxious friends began to do. If it had not been for her mother's cautious overtures about one after another of Madame Charles's *partis*, Mélanie would have thought no more on the subject of marriage than other well-conditioned girls do; that is, she would have felt in her gentle soul a delicious possibility, throwing a soft haze of brightness over every day, more or less, of her life — that on that day something might happen to her, somebody appear who should decide her fate, some new, unknown, entrancing sentiment take possession of her heart, making its soft beatings audible, sensible, and filling her soft existence with warmth and colour unknown before. This was all she would have felt on the subject; and it is a very pleasant state

of feeling, the tender expectation of the morning, the sweet consciousness of a sweeter something yet to come. But since Hélène's marriage, this gentle visionary thrill of romance had acquired a deeper tone by the fact that she was consciously resisting the fate of Hélène. She was, to her own knowledge, almost a heroine, holding that maiden fortress of her heart against all mercenary or conventional assaults — holding it for the enchanted prince who was coming, and sometimes warming into a poetical enthusiasm for him, though she did not know who he was.

In all this she was of course abetted by Miss Winchester. I don't know that the subject was ever mentioned between them, but Mélanie had learned many English ideas on the subject. Having Miss Winchester by her side to carry on visionary arguments with, and her father and mother to serve and wait upon in a hundred delightful filial ways, and her garden, and her friends, and her poor people in the village, and her share of pleasures in Paris, such pleasures as are permissible to the much-cared-for maiden, and which were quite enough for her — Mélanie led a very happy life, and had no desire to change it. I cannot penetrate further into her modest secrets; perhaps she had a little thrill of recollection among her other gentle emotions, and occasionally felt as if she had seen in some vision a glimpse of her knight who was coming, and had a kind of notion what colour his eyes were, and remembered one particular wave of his hair.

Whether this might be the case or not in respect to Mélanie, it certainly was the case with another person, whose ideal had come to bear her likeness ever since the time of Hélène's marriage. Achille de Santerre had not gone away from the *château* of Saint-Martin without carrying something with him which he had not meant to take, but which clung to him with curious tenacity. He did not want to marry any more than Mélanie did, and chiefly for the same reason. He too was romantic. I think he would have come to England and married here, had he not felt a slight jar of reality, out of keeping with his ideal, when he had visited our island, and heard young Englishmen talk of young Englishwomen in a way not quite consistent with that universal sway of pure love, apart from all questions of interest and family arrangements, which in his enthusiasm for English virtue he

would fain have believed in. To hear of girls who were trying to "catch" men, and of men who had been successfully entrapped and hunted down was even more terrible to the young Frenchman than were the discussions about *dot*, and how much *biens* on one side should mate with so much on the other, to which he was accustomed at home. He had long determined, accordingly, not to marry at all, unless—a possibility, which seemed very faint and far-off, yet occupied his mind more than he would have liked to acknowledge—he should some day find some one whom he would win to love him by himself and for himself alone. After his visit to the Champ-fleuris this some one identified herself somehow in a curious way. She became more real, and she took to herself Mélanie's face. This, the reader will say, was a great step in advance, and ought to have decided him at once. But alas! dear reader, that is all you know about it. How was he to proceed? To communicate his wishes to the father and mother, accompanied by a statement of his possessions to be balanced against those of the young lady; and then to be presented to Mélanie as her *futur*, and to be accepted by her as Héléne had accepted Mondroit?—No! a hundred times no! He would rather never see her face again, or that of any woman, than have her put into his arms in this way; and the poor young fellow did not know what else to do. Boldly to offer himself to Mélanie in his own proper person, or to write to her boldly, in an independent way, through the post, would have been to transgress every precedent and outrage every tradition. He might have made Héléne his friend, to be sure, and approached her sister through her; but Héléne had no notion of those over-refinements, and would have conducted the affair, as her mother would, as a matter of business. Neither would Henri have understood him had he laid bare to him the delicate distress of his soul. "*Mon ami*, you need not fear a bad reception. In every point of view you were made for each other. I will see my *belle-mère* at once," the good Henri would have said, and driven his friend frantic. So what was he to do? Had he been passionately, madly in love, probably he would have risked it; but being as yet only fancifully, longingly in love, the very idea shocked, revolted, and made him flee. If he could win her to love him, that would be happiness indeed;

but how, or when, or where, or by what means was he to do this? Poor Santerre, being somewhat destitute of invention, and knowing the hopelessness of all those bold strokes which make the fortune of an English lover, could not tell what to do.

But in the meantime he did what is next best in every difficulty of life, when you cannot do what you want to do—he did his duty in the way in which that duty is interpreted by the pure-minded and highly-principled young French noble of the time, who, wavering between Legitimation and Orleansism, and shut out to a great extent from public life, is more anxiously alive to all the theoretical difficulties and dangers of his age than perhaps he would have leisure to be had he more practical means of solving and providing against them. The time of which I speak was the time of the empire, when men of Santerre's mind were almost completely shut out from any share in the government of their country. He would not attempt to enter the Chamber, even had there been a chance of his success against a government candidate, for he had no heart for the expedients of fruitless opposition, and still less desire to carry out the intentions of an absolute ruler, whose title and whose cause he altogether disowned and disapproved. So what remained for a young man of ability and ambition to do but to write a book upon an important social subject, according to the example set by princes of the blood? This accordingly was what he did. He wrote his book not as we others do, dear reader, whose trade it is to write books, and who live by amusing you or instructing you, just as the architect lives by building houses for you, or the farmer by growing corn for your daily bread. Achille de Santerre did not write in this way. He took up his pen in the same spirit as his ancestor, the crusader, had set lance in rest. Whether his book brought him in twopence-halfpenny of profit, or whether it cost him the half of his year's income, he did not much care. It was his *essai d'armes*, his first battle, his proof of knighthood. The subject he chose was an important question touching the working-classes, their tendencies, their habits, the causes of that democratic heat which is always fermenting among them, and which is so great a danger for France; with some very weighty chapters touching the rural population, whose attitude is thought by some people to be even more alarming

for the country than that of the citizens. The book was very eloquent, full of enthusiasm and philanthropy, and sympathy for the people, and that visionary passion for liberty which burns so warmly in the bosom of the enlightened young Frenchman of Santerre's class. The English reader is not much acquainted, I fear, with this kind of man, and may be disposed to smile at a new type so different from all the ordinary notions of a noble young Frenchman; but still it is a true, if a new, type of that old *noblesse* which has borne so many reproaches and deserved so many, which has suffered so much and inflicted so much suffering, and which now includes within its ancient ranks the purest families, the most high-principled individuals that France can boast of, and which any country might be proud to own. They fell by hundreds in the late war, glad of the chance of doing anything for their country; and if they only were as wise as they are good and true, it would be well for France and for the world. I am not sure that Santerre was very wise. He had a kind of traditionary faith in Henri Cinq, and tried with all his might to shut the eyes of his understanding, and not perceive that that king of ghosts was in reality the owl he has proved himself to be. The Orleans family were more in his way, and indeed he was himself formed, without knowing it, on the model of that clever and most respectable house; but yet he felt a want of enterprise in them, and sighed, without allowing it to himself, for a little less respectability, a little more passion, in those model princes. Thus he had not the advantage of being devoted with his whole heart to any party, but saw the deficiencies even of those for whom, had it been necessary, he would have spent his fortune and shed his blood with all the traditionary ardour of a *fils de croisé*. Perhaps I am saying too much about Achille de Santerre, who was himself an example of the feebleness of enterprise he deplored in others, and who all this time fancifully worshipped the recollection of Mélanie de Champfleuri, without attempting or knowing how to attempt to get any nearer to her. But Providence helps those (sometimes) who do their duty. He wrote his book with the highest and noblest meaning, and a supreme and sincere desire to serve France; and he served himself without knowing it, as shall be seen.

The book was a very good book, full of

fervour, youth, and beautiful intentions, and faith in humankind, especially in French humankind, the most intelligent and sympathetic (as Santerre thought) of all races. It made a reputation. It was reviewed in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* (what could writer wish for more?), and noticed in the English *Times*, and discussed, at once as an able book, and a curious sign of the exigencies of the age, which sent a chivalrous young Frenchman to poke into strikes and workmen's societies, and to unravel the foolish politics of the cottage and the *cabaret*. The rural chapters were indeed recognized by everybody as full of real knowledge and discrimination, and all the critics remarked upon the eloquence of several passages in which the past and the present were contrasted—and some of them sneered at, while some commended, the enthusiasm which the young writer displayed for those influences of religion and tradition which had unfortunately lost so much of their potency, and for the good *curé* and the kind *seigneur*, whose places he (naturally) thought no new functionary could fitly fill. Alas! the pleasant superstition of the kind *seigneur* has been so rudely broken up in France by the Revolution, that the enthusiast has to go a long way back before he can make any stand upon that delightful imagination. But the Revolution, like all other blind revenges, was as cruelly unjust in individual cases as it was cruelly deserved in others; and a young writer like Santerre could find many a tender and delightful picture of French rural life to contrast with the present day, as indeed the slave-owner himself could find many a patriarchal family scene to give the lie to the cruel pictures which suited the Abolitionists. Santerre's book had, by right of his name and its subject, access to many a noble house in France not usually curious of the literature of the day; and Henri de Mondroit himself, in the enthusiasm of friendship, sent a copy to the Champfleuris, asking if they recollected his friend, who all at once had made himself famous? "Yes, mamma, I recollect M. de Santerre perfectly well," said Mélanie, with gentle seriousness. "If you wish it, I will read to you the chapters Henri has marked." "Certainly, *petite*," said Madame la Comtesse; "it is a duty one owes to one's friends;" and she took her worsted-work while Mélanie read. This reading took place in Madame de Champfleuri's room in the afternoon of a rainy day. She got up

now and then to look from the great window to see if the rain had stopped, or to throw a new log on the fire, or to get a different shade of silk; and even called up Jacqueline in the midst of the reading, to say something which she had forgotten to say in the morning about the great family wash, which was to take place next week — all of which incidents were very trying to Mélanie, whose heart was beating, whose eyes were lighting up, whose veins felt fuller, and her very fingers warmer, while she thus made acquaintance with the sentiments of that other human being in whom, despite of herself, she was conscious of feeling an interest. She had not read two pages, notwithstanding these interruptions, when that sudden acceleration took place in the beating of her heart. How noble it was, how true, how warm and full of life! Mélanie blushed all over when she took up the book and carried it off almost secretly to her own room; for it was not a book to her, but a sudden communication to herself out of the unknown. She sat up half the night reading it, lighting her candle again with a delicious sense of guilt after Madame de Champfleuri had gone to bed. The *comtesse* thought it was very good, and showed excellent principles; but still the great family wash was more important; and she had not a notion why it was that Mélanie's eyes were so bright and her colour so brilliant on that especial evening. "She grows prettier every day," Madame de Champfleuri said, with a sigh, to the confidential Jacqueline. What was the good of it? when she did not venture so much as to speak of that admirable young man, with a magnificent *château* on the Loire, and connections entirely *comme il faut*, who had lately been mentioned to her as the most desirable of husbands? And the child had not even a vocation, which might in some degree have explained a state of mind so foolish and unprecedented. But I think the *comtesse* would have been deeply shocked had she known how fast Mélanie's heart was beating over that book of Santerre's.

II.

It happened just at this time that Miss Winchester took it into her head to pay a visit to a friend in Paris; or rather I should say, to begin at the beginning, put it into the head of the friend who lived in the Rue de l'Université to invite Miss Winchester. The Champ-

fleuris themselves were going to Paris later in the spring, but Miss Winchester preceded them just after Christmas. She too had read Santerre's book, and though she received it with less enthusiasm than Mélanie, from various reasons — amongst other things because she had no such faith in the French nation as the writer had, but regarded the race with British scepticism — yet she was quite willing to confess its ability, and not at all reluctant to say that she knew M. de Santerre, who was the lion of the moment, and had divined before he became famous that there was a great deal in him.

Who does not like to be able to say this when such an opportunity occurs? M. de Santerre was for the moment so great a lion that the reputation of knowing him, procured for Miss Winchester and her friend an invitation to a well-known *salon* in Paris, where a little old fairy lady, illustrious by no right but that of *esprit*, convokes about her all the notables that are afloat at whatsoever season. If I said much about this lady, though she is well worth describing, the reader who knows Paris would think he recognized the description, which is not my meaning. In this old lady's little old rooms Miss Winchester had the felicity of presenting herself along with all the best people in the *faubourg* and the cleverest people in Paris, to meet M. de Santerre. She was a little afraid that the young author might have forgotten her, and so fail to ratify her modest boast of having known him before he was famous; but Miss Winchester's gratification was very deep and heart-felt when she found herself fully justified in her boast by a recognition which was not friendly merely, but enthusiastic, from Santerre. He found her out at once, and devoted himself to her with such warmth, that this most worthy woman asked herself for a moment whether it was possible that she, middle-aged and sober-minded as she was, could have exercised an inadvertent fascination over the young man? The idea was a passing one, dismissed immediately — but still when a middle-aged lady of no social position or pretensions is sought out by the lion of a fashionable assembly it is gratifying and lights up everything with a favourable light.

"We have been reading your book, M. de Santerre," said Miss Winchester, seizing the opportunity to pay him back for the pleasure he had given her in his

warm salutations. "Nothing has made so much commotion at Saint-Martin since I have been there."

"Ah!" he said, with his eyes lighting up. "You have too much bounty for me. I am proud to have excited a little interest—in an important subject——"

"Nonsense!" said Miss Winchester, who prided herself upon plain-speaking, "what do they care about your subject? Oh!—I? Yes. I am different; I am of course very much interested; but it is you and not your subject that interests the others. Naturally; for to know a distinguished author is delightful—but you could not expect, for instance, that a young girl like *Mélanie* could take a very deep interest in the colliers' strike."

"Ah!" said Santerre again, with a softened glow in his eyes and a mellowing of all his looks which his companion scarcely understood, "does *Mademoiselle de Champfleuri* then condescend to take an interest——"

"Now that is a thing I never can endure in you French," said Miss Winchester; "you know very well that a girl cannot be acquainted with the subject, and that her opinion one way or other is of no importance, and yet you speak of her as condescending to take an interest! Of course she takes an interest! Of course she is quite proud of having known you. She has copied out I don't know how many passages into her commonplace book. I tell her she is a little crazy on the subject, and that it is only great and well-known authors who should have so much honour done them."

"You are right; you are right," said Santerre, with glowing eyes; "but really—actually——? Nay, you must not laugh at me. Of course it is only a pleasantry, and you do not mean this."

"I mean every word of it," said Miss Winchester. "The *comtesse* thinks it extremely clever too, and as for *Madame Charles*, she quotes you continually, and tells us that she saw quite clearly that you had genius, and were totally unlike other young men."

This was very flattering, no doubt, but Santerre's interest visibly flagged, and Miss Winchester saw it; so she added at once, beginning to catch a glimpse of the real state of affairs, "But it is the young reader who is the most enthusiastic. *Mélanie*, you know—of course you are a friend of the family, *M. de Santerre*, or I would not speak of her. I know it is stupid to talk of individuals who are mere

acquaintances, and whom you may barely recollect——"

"I recollect all the family at Saint-Martin perfectly well," said, quickly, *M. de Santerre*.

"*Mélanie* is very fond of reading—and she has never," said Miss Winchester, fixing her eyes on him, "known a real live author before."

"That is all then?" he said with a little sigh. Then with a short laugh and rising colour, feeling that he had betrayed himself, he added, "Don't take from me all hopes of having left a little *amitié*, a pleasant recollection at Saint-Martin. I assure you I have always had the warmest gratitude for the—kindness that was shown me—for the—friendly feeling——"

Here the poor young fellow paused and looked at her, appealing to her to help him out; and though he was the lion and Miss Winchester nobody, she felt at once the delight of superiority, and that he was in her power.

"Why then," she said, "did you never come again? The count is very hospitable, he would have been delighted to see you. Why did you never come again?"

Poor Santerre! so far from helping him out, this question confused him doubly, and closed his lips. What could he say? In the midst of this crowded *salon*, where all the world was watching him, could he throw himself upon Miss Winchester's benevolence, at her feet as it were? He could not do this. He sighed and said, "How I should like to do so!" but dared no more.

"If you would like to do so, come," said the lady; "we should all be proud. The entire district would be asked to meet you, and *Madame de Champfleuri* would have the gratification of leaving out the prefect, who is literary himself and would feel it very much. You should come if it were for nothing but to give her this pleasure."

Santerre looked at her again. "I have no excuse, no reason," he said, half to himself; and then he added, "Will you let me come and see you—in Paris, where you are staying? That will be true friendship. I have so many things to say——"

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure," said Miss Winchester, delighted. "*Rue de l'Université*, number eighty-three, *au second*. We shall be enchanted to see you, my friend and I."

And very much enchanted the friend was, who kissed Miss Winchester, and felt that the angel whom she was entertaining was about to introduce her to the very highest society. Madame Taupé's *salon* to-night, M. de Santerre as a visitor to-morrow! nothing could be more delightful. But when M. de Santerre came to call for the first time, his visit was disappointing. The friend stayed by them all the time, meaning to have her share of the distinguished visitor; and they talked of the Mondroits and their *château*, and their baby, and of the eccentricities of Clotilde de Vert-Prés, Madame de Champfleuri's Flemish niece, and of the *comte* and *comtesse* themselves—of everything indeed but Mélanie. Miss Winchester felt that she had been too frank in respect to Mélanie, and kept a judicious silence. As for Santerre, he paid a long visit, but did not seem to enjoy it, and Miss Winchester's friend declared openly that she had often before heard that authors were quite uninteresting, but had never fully believed it till now; and the visit was felt on all sides to be a failure. "M. de Santerre called on me to-day," Miss Winchester wrote to her pupil, "and it is quite astonishing that a man who can write so well should be so uninteresting in himself. He made a pause of five minutes, I am sure, between every remark, and hummed and hawed and hesitated, and looked as if he wanted to say something and didn't, and altogether appeared quite stupid. I cannot think how it was, for he did not give me the impression of being stupid when he was at Saint-Martin two years ago. I suppose he has put all his brains into his book." This letter did not give Mélanie any satisfaction, and it lowered her opinion of Miss Winchester's discrimination. Who could doubt that if the young author appeared uninteresting it must be entirely his interlocutor's fault?

However, two mornings after, before the twelve o'clock breakfast, which is the time when prudent housewives in Paris go out to do their shopping and look after the markets, a moment when only intimate friends dare venture to call upon each other, Santerre suddenly appeared in the Rue de l'Université. He told Miss Winchester, completely gaining her heart by the flattering certainty, that he felt secure of finding an Englishwoman ready to receive him, even at such an early hour, though he would not have ventured to intrude upon the *déshabillé* of one of his own countrywomen. Miss Winchester,

I need not say, was proudly conscious of the integrity of her cuffs and collar, and knew herself to be incapable of being slipped at any hour. And then he talked to her amusingly of her home at Saint-Martin, and beguiled her to tell him about herself, that true talisman to everybody's heart. She opened up quite unconsciously on this inducement, and related to him her life with the Champfleuris, and how kind they were on the whole, though not always understanding of an Englishwoman's necessities, and how Mélanie had always been her favourite pupil, and what a trial it would be to leave her when the inevitable moment came. "But, fortunately for me, she won't hear of marriage," Miss Winchester said, half laughing, half crying. "When Madame Charles talks of *dots* and *partis* you should see Mélanie's looks; and, though she is the best child in the world, nothing will induce her to be talked into a match as Hélène was. Oh yes, Hélène's marriage has turned out very well. Happy accidents happen sometimes as well as unhappy ones. But Mélanie will never marry like that. I am sure I don't want her to remain single like myself," said the governess, "for of course marriage has its advantages, and in France especially a single woman has a great deal to bear. But I can't help being pleased in the meantime that she is in no hurry to marry. It must come some time, and it will be a great struggle to part with her when it comes."

"Dear Miss Winchester, how full of kindness you are! And I feel for you with all my heart," said the deceiver by her side. He was so much in earnest and so sorry for her, that she thought the tears were in his eyes.

"It is very hard when one thinks of it for persons in my position," said Miss Winchester, feeling the moisture start into her own. "We throw ourselves into the very life of a child and give her everything, brains, and love, and all one has—as much as a mother does or more sometimes—and then, when the time comes, we have to part with her as if she were nothing to us. The mother has to do it too, no doubt, but then whatever happens she always belongs to the mother; but the woman that has trained her is nothing, not a drop's blood, as they say in Scotland, no relation at all, only a governess; though the child may be her very reflection, her making, the image of her. You must allow it is hard."

"It is hard, very hard," said the sym-

pathetic young man. "But if I had anything to do with it," he added, after a pause, "it should not be so. If, for example, such a thing might happen as that it should be—one like myself—who should have the happiness——"

There was no mistaking him now; his eyes were suffused with something—light of love, or tears of feeling, she could not tell which; his face was glowing, the lines of his features moving. Miss Winchester was not an angelic maternal being altogether wrapt in the idea of *Mélanie*. The first thing that struck her was the extreme deceitfulness of his pretended sympathy with herself. It struck her at first painfully, then with a sense of the humour of the position. "So that was all you were thinking of," she cried; "not me at all!" and then she laughed. After all it was more natural that he should be thinking of *Mélanie*, and when the first prick was over she forgave him.

"Ah, Miss Winchester," he said, "if you were not so good I could not open my heart to you. What can I do? I have wished and prayed that this happiness might be mine for these two years."

"Wishing is all very well," said the governess, "and praying still better, M. de Santerre. But in my country, when a man is of that way of thinking, he does something to show it. He does not content himself with wishes or even prayers."

"What shall I do?" said Santerre. "How can I approach her? Ah! it is very different in England. There one might go to her, one might say—what one longs to say. But if I should never marry at all, I am resolved not to have my wife given to me as *Henri de Mondroit* had his. She must love me as I love her, or I shall never marry at all."

"And pray how is she to show her feelings?" said Miss Winchester. "Is she to propose to you? Is she to take it into her own hands, and do what you don't venture to do? If you are frightened, do you expect she is bolder? If you dare not pay your addresses to her like a man, what do you suppose *she* can do?"

"Spare me!" said the young man. "I know all you would say, from your point of view; but you don't know France and my country-people as I do. If I could but speak to her, write to her, so as no one in the world but herself should know what I was saying; but Miss Winchester knows that such a thing is impossible here."

Miss Winchester shook her head. "When a man is resolute and determined I don't know what is impossible to him," she said. "We have a song in England which says that whatever may fail, Love will find out the way. You don't think so, M. de Santerre? but that is what people think in England, and I think it is the same all over the world," said the Englishwoman. I am not sure that poor Santerre was sorry when the friend came in fresh from her shopping, and the hour struck for the *déjeuner*, and he, with many apologies, had to go. For she was too many for him, and had driven him, so to speak, into a corner, and he wanted to think what he was to do.

Next day he went back to her at the same hour. "Dear Miss Winchester," he said, "you are right, and I have made up my mind to a great venture. What is it you say in your country about a faint heart? I remember the proverb. See! I have not a faint heart any longer. I have overcome my fears. You return soon to Saint-Martin? and you will give this to *Mademoiselle Mélanie*, like the kind and charming friend you are—and you will ask her to pardon me, and plead my cause? What! you will not—you are angry? But why? but why? after what you said!"

"How dare you, sir?" cried Miss Winchester, crimson with indignation; "how dare you! I carry a clandestine letter! I make myself a go-between! What do you take me for, M. de Santerre? Have I lived to my time of life doing my duty, to have such a thing proposed to me now? This is your French honour and fine feeling! To think because a woman receives your confidence kindly and encourages you to declare yourself, that she is ready to carry secret letters, and get up a clandestine correspondence. And do you think, sir, that a pupil of mine would consent to such a thing? For shame, M. de Santerre."

Poor Santerre had risen to his feet, and stood before her petrified, holding his letter in his hand. As she poured out thus the vials of her indignation, the unfortunate young man looked at his letter with downcast eyes, and a kind of whimsical horror. Was it really such a guilty purpose, such a terrible design, this attempt of his? No man could have written a more reverential, a more tenderly respectful letter; and he would not have ventured to do so at all, but for the encouragement this now furious woman had

given him. He was bewildered. The storm that beat over his head was so utterly unexpected. "Am I then to give her up? must I give up every hope?" he said faltering. His disappointment was grievous, and it was increased by his extreme surprise.

"Write to her by the post like a man," said Miss Winchester; "the post goes to Saint-Martin every day. What do you mean by taking clandestine measures when the post will carry your letter just as safely as I could? It is neither honourable nor manly," said the governess; "it is not what I expected of you, M. de Santerre."

"But—but—I do not understand you," said the unfortunate lover. "The post—ah, mademoiselle! do you understand so little?—how could I dare? and then, what would Madame de Champfleuri say if I ventured to address her daughter so boldly? But if a friend like yourself—one that knows both, one that all would trust," said the ignorant young man insinuatingly,— "if you, in a quiet moment, would but glide this little, little innocent letter into her hand——"

The reader may suppose that Miss Winchester blazed hotter and hotter. She to glide a love-letter into a girl's hand, without the cognizance of her parents! Never was there a more innocent artifice as Santerre conceived it; never was there a device more treacherous, more like a French intrigue, to the British eyes of the governess. She dismissed him in high dudgeon and would listen to no explanation, and fumed for days after, reviling the French nation and all their ways, and mankind in general, who had no honour or feeling in them where women were concerned. It shook her a little, however, to hear her friend's view of the matter, who was not so indignant. "He is *romanesque*," she said. "You may be sure, my dear, that he has no doubt about the consent of the family. No Frenchman would venture to take such a step without that; and he wishes to be romantic like you English—not to settle everything in a reasonable way as we others do in France."

"Do you suppose we encourage clandestine correspondence in England?" said the indignant woman; "in my country, let me tell you, everything is open and aboveboard."

"Ah yes! it has spoiled him, your country," said the friend. "Poor M. de Santerre; he cannot be brutal and what you call open like an Englishman; and

you have given him a disgust at our French way; and now you refuse to be of any use to him! I wish I was going to Saint-Martin, and knew Mademoiselle Mélanie; I should not let him perish for want of a little help, you may be sure."

This staggered Miss Winchester, and made her think for a moment that perhaps—though English ways, at all times and in all places, are undoubtedly the best—a benighted foreigner might be pardoned for not exactly understanding them, for even twisting them a little in his ignorance, and confounding what was legitimate and permissible with that which was not permissible, and indeed past thinking of altogether. Poor Santerre's innocent eagerness, and then his blank look of bewilderment when she refused to accept his commission, returned to her mind again and again, and troubled her composure. When a man gets confused with the strange idioms of a new language, it is not to be wondered at; and lawful English freedom, which is not license, is it not always perplexing to the mere Frenchman, who cannot, without much practice, understand it? This reflection, made her forgive him, but it did not soften her obduracy; and thus poor Santerre was foiled in his first venture. His failure threw him almost into despair.

III.

WHEN Miss Winchester returned to Saint-Martin, which she did somewhat precipitately, not waiting in her agitation to join the family when they came to Paris, she found the house in a great commotion, a series of perpetual interviews taking place in the different rooms, and an air of universal, though suppressed, excitement filling the *château*. At first she thought, with a pang almost of self-reproach, that Mélanie had after all yielded to the usual fate of the French girl, and that it was the approaching arrival of a *futur*, with all the preliminaries which had preceded the marriage of Hélène, which had stirred all the elements so strangely. Madame de Champfleuri was moving about the house with a look half resolute, half frightened, talking louder than usual, putting down every one who ventured to oppose her, and looking twice as energetic and determined as ever. M. le Comte was standing before the fire, with such a look of care and sombre seriousness on his brow as had not been seen there for years. Madame Charles sat in her usual place,

with her usual *tapisserie*, and she had a smile on her face, and gave a little nod from time to time, as much as to say, "I always knew how it would be." Jacqueline, who took Miss Winchester's wraps from her in the hall, looked the very impersonation of mystery, and gave her private looks full of meaning in answer to the wonder in her face. And when she rushed up-stairs to Mélanie's room, her pupil came to meet her with red eyes, as if she had been crying.

"Something has happened?" cried Miss Winchester.

"Hush! it is Clotilde," said the girl, drying her eyes and pointing to the closed door of a room which was her cousin's when she came to Saint-Martin. Mélanie placed the governess in her own easy-chair by the stove, and bade Jacqueline bring some chocolate, and in low tones told her the story. The secret had come out now of Clotilde's unwillingness to marry. She had arrived at Saint-Martin two days before, very serious, and with an anxious aspect, but only this morning had disclosed her intentions in a long interview with her aunt. "It has been in her mind for years," said Mélanie, "but she would not tell any one till she had been in the world and seen everything. She has been a great deal in the world, you know, much more than I have been, or even Hélène; so she knows what it is. One ought not to be so grieved, I know, but how can I help being grieved? Mademoiselle, it has happened to us as it happens so often in families—how can I say it to you?—Clotilde has a vocation. She is going to be the bride of heaven!"

"The bride of—whom?" cried Miss Winchester, her Protestantism instantly aflame.

"The bride of heaven!" cried Mélanie with gentle reverence, letting fall a tear. "Oh, do not laugh in that dreadful English way. If you cried, I could understand. Our Clotilde, that was always so gay and full of life! One ought not to grudge her; one ought to be glad that she has such a high purpose, that God has given her a vocation; but I cannot help it, I must cry when I think. Thank heaven, she has not chosen to be a Carmelite, or any very hard order," said Mélanie. "She is going into the convent of the *Sacré Cœur*."

"Going into the convent? But she must be mad, and they will never allow it; surely they will never allow it," said Miss Winchester, aghast.

"She is twenty-three," said Mélanie, "who can stop her? She says she has always had it in her mind. She never would marry, you know, but always made some objection to every *parti* that ever offered —"

"So do you I, believe," interjected the other with a quick glance at Mélanie's face.

"Ah, that is different!" said Mélanie with a blush. "Clotilde has a vocation. She has held quite steadily to her idea, she has never changed. I hear her door open. Ah, do not be disagreeable, don't be English! You know I love English, dear mademoiselle, but sometimes—ah, poor Clotilde! she has enough to bear with mamma and my uncles, and all of them. Let us be kind to her here."

Clotilde came in at this moment, somewhat flushed and excited, in her large, fair Flemish beauty, a picture of life, and vigour, and animation.

"*Bon jour*, Mademoiselle Vinchestre," she said. "Mélanie has told you? *Bien!* I have at last had the courage to tell what I mean. Thank heaven, there will be no more talk of this *monsieur* or that, no more remonstrances and struggles. I made up my mind years ago, when I was almost a child; but I never said anything, for I knew what they would do. Now no one can say I am ignorant, and don't know what the world is. I have had enough of the world. I have gone even to the Tuileries—figure it to yourself—that I might know everything, even *ces gens-là!* And now I am happy; it is all settled, and in a month I shall be in my dear convent. Ah, *le beau jour!* they are so happy, those dear sisters—happier far than any one in the world."

"They are acting like cowards," said Miss Winchester, very red, "running away from natural cares and duties, giving themselves up to dreams and idleness; and Clotilde, I am astonished at you—you, so full of life. You will be like a caged bird, you will kill yourself; you poor girl, you are deceived."

"Is it so much better to spend hours at one's toilette, to drive in the Bois, to make visits, to go from the ball to the opera, and from the opera to the ball?" said Clotilde, "or to sit at home like Hélène, and talk about the village and the baby to Henri, who is charming, but so dull, the poor dear? Me, I am not like Hélène. I should kill that good Henri if he sat opposite to me forever, and smiled. And as for the *vie du monde*, I

am sick of it ; I have tried it ; it is all so stale, so *monotone* ! One does a hundred stupid things that one hates, to amuse one's self, and one is not amused. No," cried Clotilde, walking about the room in her excitement, "had I been poor, had I had parents to work for, to take care of, I might have endured the *vie mondaine* ; but, at present, no ! And you think one dreams and is idle at the *Sacré Cœur*," she added with a laugh. "Come there, and try ; you will soon see how much idle we can be, how long time we shall have to dream !"

Dear reader, I will not trouble you with the long discussion which followed ; for Miss Winchester, I need not say, was frantic at this — as she thought, and as probably you will think — utter overturn of reason and relinquishment of common sense. She argued with Clotilde hotly for hours together, though she was tired with her journey, and not altogether in that dispassionate and sober state of mind which is necessary for a discussion. Clotilde was excited, but not angry, like Miss Winchester, and I think on the whole she had the best of it. Miss Winchester's good, honest, conventional English idea of domestic happiness did not shake the young woman who had a vocation, and who had also before her eyes the admirable, virtuous, irreproachable, but somewhat humdrum domesticity of Henri and Hélène.

"But theirs was not a marriage of love," said the English champion of matrimony and the world against the cloister.

"*Mon Dieu !* what, then, do you call a love-marriage ?" said Madame de Champfleuri, who had come in ; "they are infatuated with each other. Hélène believes in no one but Henri, and Henri is imbecile on the subject of Hélène. Their seniors, who know better, are nothing to them in comparison," said the mother aggrieved. "*Je me demande*, what, then, is a marriage of love ?"

And this was so true, that Miss Winchester for the moment was silenced. The family arrangement in Hélène's case had succeeded to perfection, and the young household of the Mondroits was something almost more than English in its domestic virtue, in its self-absorption in its own happiness, and gentle contempt for everybody who was unmarried and had no baby. But then it was dull. Clotilde yawned till her cheeks ached at the very thought of it, though the young husband and wife were perfectly happy. So that the ground was cut from under

the Englishwoman's feet in both ways. When she retired to her own room at last to prepare for dinner, feeling very red, flushed, and discomposed, she felt, though she would not have owned to defeat for the world, that she had had the worst in the discussion. The Mondroits were a pair of wedded lovers, in spite of her conviction that a totally different result ought to have followed. Yet their perfect domestic happiness, so far from moving Clotilde to natural dreams of a husband and a baby too, made her shiver, and rush with double enthusiasm to her convent. Could such things be ?

My business, however, at present is not with Clotilde, who proved quite equal to fighting her own battle. However parents may struggle, it is very evident that against a real "vocation," no good Catholic can ever hope to carry the day. There are no doubt a great many fictitious vocations which come to nothing, and give an infinite deal of trouble to everybody concerned ; but when you come in contact with the real thing, you may be assured that none of your efforts will stand against it. Clotilde was not foolish, or an enthusiast. She took care to dispose of a great part of her possessions discreetly, for the use of her family, before she retired from "the world ;" and the *dot* which she carried with her to her convent, though large, was not so magnificent as perhaps — I cannot tell — the convent hoped. The last time I heard of her she was mistress of the novices, a very brisk and busy personage, with a good deal of power and influence, and a life fully occupied. And no doubt, with her family and connections, she will rise to be Superior, if she lives long enough.

Mélanie, however, who is more important to this history, was very much shaken and agitated by these discussions. It did not escape her that her family were observant and curious of her demeanour, with a half-suspicion in their looks. She had not managed matters as Clotilde did, receiving the suggestion of one *parti* after another sedately, but finding some flaw in each, as by right of her great wealth and independent condition, and orphan state, she had been privileged to do. Mélanie had eluded the subject altogether. She had begged with tears and blushes that her mamma would say nothing to her about this matter, but leave her alone and tranquil in her present duties. Clotilde's *éclaircissement*, however, naturally forced the thought on

Madame de Champfleuri's mind, driving her half frantic with terror. What if Mélanie had a "vocation" too — and the frightened look in her mother's eyes communicated like a breath of fire the same thought to Mélanie. Was it possible? Could this be what she, too, was dreaming of, without knowing it? Was it the secret stirring in her of the higher inspirations of religion? Mélanie asked herself this question, but as she did so she shivered; and I think if Madame de Champfleuri had seen this shiver, she would have been reassured. No; no "vocation," present or prospective, hung its visionary halo over Mélanie's pretty head. Something else, she could not tell what, lighted up dreamily her maiden fancies. She was not captivated by the humdrum happiness of the Mondroits any more than Clotilde was. *Cependant* — there was surely something better yet, more divine, more exquisite, a finer flower of existence to be found in this beautiful sunshiny world.

The next time that Miss Winchester and Mélanie were alone, half by way of experiment, half to escape from the other subject which absorbed the household, and with which, as she said, she had "no patience," she began to talk of Santerre — of how she had met him "in the world," of how he had come to see her, of how he had talked of his book, and she had told him how deeply it had been appreciated at Saint-Martin.

"I told him you had copied some passages into your commonplace book," she said, with a keen look from under her eyelids. A fine promising colour sprang up over Mélanie's face.

"Oh, how could you say so?" she cried, bending over the lace she was working. "He would think —" Then Mélanie paused a moment, and asked very demurely, "What did M. de Santerre say?"

"Oh, he said a great deal," said Miss Winchester, "more than I dare repeat to you. M. de Santerre is very fluent, he has a great flow of language; I cannot charge my memory with all he said."

There was another brief pause, and Mélanie did a little flower in her lace very rapidly and very well. She always remembered this conversation afterwards by these petals, which were crisp and concise, as things generally are when done under the influence of an inspiration. Then she said sedately, not raising her eyes, "I did not ask to hear all

he said; for probably the conversation was on a great many subjects, and I might not understand."

"Oh, about the commonplace book?" said Miss Winchester. "He said, of course, that he was deeply gratified, and so forth, which it was natural for a young author to say."

Mélanie went on with her work without raising her head; her fingers went very fast, and her heart beat somewhat quickly too. To be answered in this way was aggravating, and it was done on purpose, she felt. Just then Madame Charles came with her work, and took a seat beside them. She perceived that something was going on, and she liked to have a share in anything that was amusing.

"What are you talking of?" she said. "Mélanie has the air of being a little offended; what is it? It is a relief to talk of something else than Clotilde. May I know?"

"Oh yes, you may know," said Mélanie. "Miss Winchester has seen M. de Santerre in Paris, and I have a natural curiosity to learn how he will talk now he is a great author; and she tells me she cannot burden her memory with *all* he said — as if I wanted to know *all*! — but only how he talks now he is great."

"Probably it will not make much difference," said Madame Charles; "but Mademoiselle Vinchester is a little *méchante*. Is it that applause has turned his head? He did not talk much, if I remember rightly, and was very serious, a little stiff, like an Englishman — *n'est-ce pas*?"

"Not stiff in the least, *ma tante*, and I think he talked very well," said Mélanie; "and not more serious than a thoughtful person, one with genius, ought to be."

"And as for being like an Englishman," said Miss Winchester, "that, of course, seems to me the highest commendation possible."

"Very well, *mesdames*," said Madame Charles, laughing; "it is apparent that I do not satisfy you. Let us say, then, that he is charming, with all the native grace of an Englishman, and all the *esprit* of a Frenchman, and that he talks admirably. Tell us, then, *chère mademoiselle*, something this hero said."

Then followed another pause. Madame Charles, a person with all her eyes about her, observed that, though Mélanie was working very fast, and giving great attention to her lace, there were little glimmers of the eyelid which told of a divided

attention, and a certain suppressed eagerness in her aspect, while Miss Winchester on her side visibly held back.

"Really, I don't know what to tell you," the governess said, hesitating. "He talked very pleasantly; but as for any individual thing he said, except about his delight in having been admired at Saint-Martin, and compliments such as every French gentleman excels in——"

"You told him, then, that we liked his book?"

"Oh yes, it is the first thing one says to an author; and that Mademoiselle Mélanie had copied passages into her commonplace book; and that I had told her it was absurd, and a compliment only to be paid to great authors——classics——"

"Yes; and what did he say?"

"He pretended not to believe me," cried Miss Winchester, excited by the delight of superior information. "He said, of course, it was a pleasantry—that I could not mean it. I never saw a man so pleased."

Mélanie did not raise her head. She even bent lower over her lace, affording to Madame Charles the spectacle of one pink ear merely, no more. But this ear was very pink, and so was the pretty neck, usually so white. She did not say a word, but the white lace round her throat, and her white evening dress, looked doubly white from the rose flush of the delicate neck. "*Ah, bien!*" said Madame Charles to herself; but she was kind, and said nothing aloud. She went on talking to Miss Winchester, and she spared Mélanie; but then she was a clever woman, the cleverest person in the house. Madame Charles stayed behind with her sister-in-law in the drawing-room, in obedience to a signal from that lady's eye, after the rest had gone to bed, and to her mother poured forth all her fears.

"Listen, *ma sœur*," she said. "I am in great trouble; a new idea has come to me. For Clotilde, I say nothing. It is over—we must submit; but Mélanie! Think! has not she, too, refused to listen to everything? After you had taken all the trouble possible about that charming young man from Brittany, finding out everything about him, you remember, *ma sœur*? after all, I dared not say a word. Figure to yourself, if Mélanie should have a vocation too!"

"No, no; tranquillize yourself," said Madame Charles in soothing tones. "No, no, *ma chère*, it is not so."

"Ah, how can we tell?" said the mother, drying a tear from her eye. "I should have said Clotilde was the last, the very last! and Mélanie, if you recollect, has always been very tranquil, very good. Ah, I never thought that the day would come when I should wish to see my children less good! But figure to yourself, *ma sœur*, my Mélanie! *ma petite!* in that frightful dress, in that *triste* convent, gone from us never to come back, never to bring her baby like Héléne!"

"*Tranquillisez-vous, ma sœur*," said Madame Charles, "it is not so; I assure you it is not so. Mélanie has no vocation, I am sure of it, even; I have watched her. Ah, if you would but let me take my way! I have an idea for her. I think I have found out a *parti* which she will not refuse."

"But tell me, then," cried the *comtesse*, springing to her feet, "tell me, then! How can I sufficiently thank you, *ma sœur*? Tell me, and I will act on it at once."

"It is very delicate," said Madame Charles, shaking her head, "very; it is but an idea. You will frighten the child if you act upon it. *Chère sœur*, perhaps I ask too much; you are wiser, you know better than I do. Still, as it is my idea, if I had your permission to watch and plan a little—for her good!—and when I see more clearly, I will communicate the whole, and you shall act in your own energetic way. Is it agreed? And I think in the end you will be satisfied. The mouse is not the lion, but sometimes she can help him," said Madame Charles with an insinuating look into the *comtesse's* face.

Madame de Champfleuri was vanquished. Though it went against her a little to yield up Mélanie's fate into any hands but her own, and though she liked a straightforward coming to the point more than the watching and scheming which were congenial to the other, yet she consented, with a little sigh of impatience. How easily she could have settled it all, had Mélanie only been like Héléne! Many most suitable matches had already been proposed for the Comte de Champfleuri's daughter. Ah, why is it that young people are made so fanciful, and cannot perceive that their parents are the best judges? She did not at all like to abdicate, but she was a good mother, and honestly loved her child more than she loved her own pride and her own way; so, with a little grudge,

but magnanimously, she withdrew from the field, and left this most momentous matter in Madame Charles's hands.

IV.

THE family removed to Paris shortly after, and then Madame Charles set herself fairly to work. Santerre, of course, by right of his previous introduction, and of being the friend of the Baron de Mondroit, called shortly after they arrived; and without doing anything to call special attention to him, Madame Charles managed to have him invited on two or three occasions. In France, the reader knows, young men and young women have not the same leisure of forming acquaintance as among ourselves. A young lady who is *comme il faut* is never out of hearing and sight of her mother, or of some other responsible person. Had Mélanie been left alone with her lover, all the *faubourg* would have been in arms, and Madame Charles, however enterprising, would no more have thought of taking such a step than she would have permitted a positive crime. She watched the young people, however, when they were in the same room, though she did not allow them to whisper in a corner, as perhaps in an English drawing-room they might have been permitted to do. She saw how Mélanie listened when Santerre was talking. She saw how Santerre's eyes besieged the door when Mélanie was not in the room. She let them even talk to each other once or twice when nobody else was on duty, and just at the moment that the conversation began to be interesting, came softly rustling in her black silk gown, and sat down beside them.

"Do they think I would say anything wrong to her?" Santerre cried, pouring out his heart of flame to Miss Winchester.

She, excellent woman, shrugged her shoulders.

"They are your own countryfolks, you ought to comprehend each other," she said. "I don't pretend that I understand either the one side or the other. Why can't you take your courage in both hands, and speak to her straight out?"

But this was what Santerre, even if he could have found an opportunity, had not the courage to do.

When she had amused herself a good deal with these two young people, like an elegant cat with a couple of miserable mice, Madame Charles concluded that it would be as well to bring matters to a crisis. Accordingly, she took an early opportunity to recommend herself to

Santerre's confidence. She spoke to him of his book, and of the sympathy she felt in his sentiments, and of her own village at Saint-Martin, to which his description of village-life in France was so true.

"We all think so," she said, "and between ourselves, as there is no one listening, and that odious Englishwoman is out of hearing, it may be allowed, M. de Santerre, that there are some things in our dear France that would bear mending — *n'est-ce pas*? The relations between the poor and the rich, and various other even domestic matters —"

"I am delighted that you think so," said Santerre. "I feared that you were all for old customs, and the *mode française*. I hope I love my country very much, but in some things I am so bold as to think other fashions are best."

"Ah, I divine," said Madame Charles, shaking her fan at him. "I might have known you would have said so. But I am not *Anglomane*. It is the fashion to applaud these islanders, but it is a fashion that will not last. In what are they better than we are? Their parliament? bah! it will never answer in France. Here we want to be ruled — to have a strong government."

"Dear Madame Charles! to hear a person of your excellent sense support such an idea! You to adopt Cæsarism! you, who know so much better."

"Well, well," she said, "not for *us*, perhaps; but these foolish peasants you talk of in your admirable book, do they understand anything else? Every general rule must have its victims; what is good for the mass is often very bad for individuals. So it must be, I suppose," she added, "as long as the world lasts."

Then there was a pause; but, after a while, Madame Charles resumed —

"And I know you as a fanatic about something else, M. de Santerre; in marriage, and what you call love, you do not like the *mode française*? Oh, yes, I know very well; in society one finds out everything. I am not of your opinion in general, but I allow that now and then there are cases — Ah, pardon me, I am very outspoken. Now, why don't you marry, for example? You are the head of your family, and you owe it to your race."

"I deny the debt," said Santerre. "When I marry, it shall not be as a duty. Is it not the crown of life? but not according to the *mode française, madame*. I shall not marry except where I love, and I would rather perish than marry one

who accepted me because her parents told her to do so. My wife must be a Frenchwoman; but if I may not win her whom I love without help of father or mother or friends, I shall never marry at all."

"You must not let the *comtesse* hear you," said Madame Charles. "For me it is different; I myself was always considered rather *romanesque*; but my excellent sister entertains very different sentiments. And we all know how happy Hélène is with M. de Mondroit. In that marriage she has succeeded very well."

"And, I presume," said Santerre, with a faltering in his voice, "Madame de Champfleuri has also decided for her other daughter?"

It was a perfectly improper question, and he knew it: but his heart had begun to beat, and got the better of him, so that he did not think what he was saying. Madame Charles showed no resentment, which was more than he dared expect.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she said, "how can I tell? Hélène and Mélanie are very different. The *petite* is *rebelle*. She is not so easily guided as her sister. Those girls of to-day, they are allowed to read English romances, English poems; it fills their little heads with foolish thoughts. My sister is admirable, but she begins to grow impatient; and if Mélanie is disgusted, I do not know what we shall do."

A pause again. Santerre looked at her with great eyes — cautious, timid, yet beseeching.

"I know your son very well," he said, with some tremulousness in his voice; "we were together in America. Did he ever tell you? You are so like him that I felt you must be a friend to me, as Charles always was."

"So I will, you may be sure," said Madame Charles with a smile, "but that sounds very alarming, and I don't know how I may be compromising myself. I am sure there is something very terrible that you want me to do."

"No, no," he cried, eager and breathless; and then, in very rapid tones, and very low, he told her his story. Mélanie came to the door of the room while they were thus engaged, but Santerre did not see her, and she withdrew, half wondering, half annoyed. What close confidence could he have to give to Madame Charles? But Mélanie was still more surprised when Madame Charles paid her a visit that evening in her room, where she was pensively seated in her white dressing-

gown, with her hair twisted up for the night, and one of the Tauchnitz volumes clasped lightly in her two pretty hands. She was not reading it, but tried to look as if she had been doing so when her aunt paid her this visit. The little Parisian room, with its heavy curtains and tiny space, was not like the great spacious chambers in the *château*. She made room for Madame Charles beside her on the little sofa, and wondered much what she could have to say.

"*Chérie*, I have not come to talk," said Madame Charles. "It is late, and I have only a word to say. Here is something for thee to read at thy leisure," and she put a letter softly on Mélanie's white lap.

The girl drew back with a start, taken by surprise.

"For me? — a letter! But what is it? — am I to read it, *ma tante*?"

"What does one generally do with a letter?" said the aunt playfully. "You must not tell any one. It is a little secret, but it is not wrong. When you are alone, read it, Mélanie, and there will be an answer to give."

"But, *ma tante*, my mother!"

"Bah! I take thy mother in my hands. Good night, *chérie*, and God bless you. Read it, and to-morrow you will tell me the answer; but never let any one know that thy Aunt Charles, who ought to know better, is *une romantique*, like thee!"

She was gone before Mélanie could ask one more of the questions with which she was overbrimming. Madame Charles tripped softly away, leaving a delicious excitement behind her, somewhat moved herself, and thoroughly enjoying her *rôle*. She had no such scruples as Miss Winchester had entertained. If the foolish children preferred to manage matters thus, why not humour them? she had said to herself.

As for Mélanie, I cannot tell how long she sat looking at the letter, scarcely daring to touch it. It had a fascinating effect upon her — keeping her still, and filling her mind in a moment with mists of happy visions. "For me!" she said to herself below her breath, with a thrill of fright and pleasure — then broke the seal; for it was carefully folded and sealed to show the importance of the missive — and read words which made her heart beat faster at every line. When she threw herself down upon her little white bed, and lay awake watching the moonlight steal in over the housetops, white through the drawn muslin curtains,

what a flutter and commotion of happiness was in her soul! Yes, this was what her books told of, what breathed through all song; but oh, *ciel!* oh, all ye gentle skies and protecting angels! what would Madame de Champfleuri say?

Next morning Madame Charles paid a visit to the *comtesse's* room, where she sat in *déshabillé* with her hair in curl-papers, making up her accounts.

"*Ma sœur*," she said, "I have at last heard of a husband for Mélanie—one who will please you; one who is all we could desire——"

"Ah! tell me about it!" cried Madame de Champfleuri eagerly; "but what is the good," she added, shaking her head, "when you know what an impracticable child she is? Nevertheless, I should like to hear."

Need I tell the issue? Before anything could be arranged, before any parent interfered, Santerre had a little letter from Mélanie, every line of which trembled, fluttered, like her own heart, with happiness, and shy assent, and delicious terror. This was what she said:—

"MONSIEUR,—I do not know what to say to you. I thank you for your letter. It makes me very much agitated to have a secret, and I hope it is not wrong. What you say is beautiful, and I understand it, and feel what it is you mean. But what can I say, one like me? I will speak to my mother, who is always good, and I hope—I hope she may not think it wrong."
"MÉLANIE."

And this postscript was added very hastily:—"Do not think me ungrateful, because I am frightened, and don't know what to say. It is so strange that you should think the same! I hope, with all my heart, mamma may not think it is wrong."

This little epistle was vague enough to keep the young man in a state of intense excitement—excitement great and somewhat anxious, but delightful; how different from the perfect calm with which Henri de Mondroit had received the placid approval of his bride! This delicious suspense was not quite over even when the business part of the transaction commenced, when everything had been put in due order by Madame de Champfleuri's experienced hands—the *biens* compared on either side, the birth and connections of the *futur* reviewed and approved, the whole matter duly balanced and established on reasonable foundations. But during the interval,

Madame Charles undertook the charge of Mélanie, and, contrary to all precedent, allowed the lovers one or two peeps of each other, stolen and rapturous, which freed the romantic young man from all terrors of parental influence. Madame Charles felt that in this triumphant piece of business she was above precedent, and might well be allowed to be a law to herself.

However, when it comes to its conclusion, a romantic marriage, let us allow, has to take place very much like a prosaic one, and there is now little more to say. Mélanie was married, as Hélène had been, by the same excellent bishop, who composed another *discours*, which was equally eloquent and equally appreciated; and I do not know that the romantic couple were happier than the others, when they set off on their romantic wedding-tour to Italy, and all poetical places—to the blue mountains, and the bluer sea. Hélène and Henri had been as happy as they could be, and no one can be happier than that. The vessels may be larger and hold more, but hearts, like cups, cannot be more than full, whatever their dimensions may be.

I think, however, there was one person who had a right to feel injured, and that was Miss Winchester, who might have acted as the unraveller of the plot, had her high principle permitted her to accept such a *rôle*. She felt somewhat sore when she knew how she had been supplanted, and that Madame Charles had accepted the office which she rejected so indignantly.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LITERARY PARTNERSHIP OF CANNING AND FRERE.

OUR purpose is not to review the lives of the celebrated statesman, and the accomplished scholar and gentleman "of the old school," named above, but to lay before the reader the story and the results of the conjunction of their talents in the once famous *Anti-Jacobin*. Those results form a collection of political and critical satire and burlesque, not bulky, but as brilliant as anything of the kind in the language.

It is, however, comparatively little known to the present generation, being, in all probability, familiar only to the general reader by the constant use made of several striking passages which have

long since taken their place among our "stock quotations." The Needy Knife-Grinder's response to his interlocutor: "Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir!" and that glowing emotional outburst: "A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear an eternal friendship," from "The Rovers," have long been made to perform yeoman's service by many who would be puzzled if called upon to recite other lines from the original "Sapphics" and mock drama in which they occur. And who that has once read them has not, when wincing under the demonstration of his errors, or the "few words of advice" administered to him under the guise of aid and comfort, repeated to himself the fine lines—

Give me th' avowed, th' erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath
can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the *candid*
friend—

while, very likely, unable to say where they come from?

The germs of the literary partnership of Canning and Frere may be traced to their schoolboy days at Eton, when that intimacy began which ripened into life-long friendship. A series of essays, in a weekly sheet entitled the *Microcosm*, was started by Canning, several others of the brightest youths then at Eton joining with him. Frere was among the number of these ambitious essayists of seventeen and thereabouts. Published by Mr. Charles Knight, then a bookseller at Windsor, the *Microcosm* extended to forty numbers, and subsequently obtained, as it may, perhaps, fairly be said to have merited, a subordinate place among the collections of British essayists. Frere wrote only five numbers, the two leading contributors being Canning and Robert ("Bobus") Smith, elder brother of Sydney. One may fancy Frere, however, applauding and suggesting at Canning's elbow whilst the latter's essays, some of which display fine humorous finish,* were in process of composition.

Canning, on leaving Eton, went to Oxford, and Frere to Cambridge; but in a few years their companionship was renewed in London; and on the projection, a little later, of the *Anti-Jacobin*, Frere joined with alacrity in assisting his former literary chief of the *Microcosm*.

* For instance, the mock commentary on the "Nursery Epic" of *The Queen of Hearts*, in Nos. 11 and 12.

Mr. Frere was, by family tradition as well as personal sentiment, of Tory and "Pittite" political creed, and had been from the first a vehement detester of the French Revolution—from which, in its early stages, Canning has been supposed to have by no means entirely withheld his sympathy*—but Canning also was now the friend and chosen adherent of Pitt, "From the first," Mr. Frere has related, "Pitt marked out Canning as his political heir."

It was in 1797, with Canning as prime mover, and under the secret auspices of Pitt, that the *Anti-Jacobin* was started. Canning was then in his twenty-seventh year; Frere a year older. The prospectus announcing the birth of the significantly-named sheet was written by Canning, although Gifford—then known by the *Baviad* and afterwards the first conductor of the *Quarterly Review*—was appointed editor. The first intention was to combat the so-called Jacobin press of London mainly by serious matter. Lengthy political dissertations, therefore, of high Tory tone, a modicum of news, and some classified columns detailing the shortcomings of the opposition or "Sansculottic" papers, as the *Morning Chronicle*, *Post*, and others were designated,† at first formed the greater part of the contents. "Poetry," however, it was announced, would find a place from time to time in the pages of the *Anti-Jacobin*.

In our anxiety to provide for the amusement as well as information of our readers, we have not omitted to make all the enquiries in our power for ascertaining the means of procuring poetical assistance. . . . But we have not been able to find one good and true poet of sound

* The following alleged curious circumstance in Canning's early career is to be found in Sir Walter Scott's *Diary* (April 17, 1828):—"Canning's conversion from popular opinions was strangely brought round. While he was studying in the Temple, and rather entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned to his astonishment that in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of their revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course he should take; and having thought the matter over, he went to Mr. Pitt, and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered, until . . . Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighton upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter-house of some 101. a year to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offered him the dictator's curule chair."—Lockhart's *Life* (1833), vol. vii. p. 124.

† "Mistakes," "Misrepresentations," and "Lies," these columns were headed. "*Père Duchesne*" was the name politely applied to the *Morning Chronicle*, as ranking it with the French Jacobin paper of evil notoriety.

principles and sober practice, upon whom we could rely for furnishing us with a handsome quantity of sufficient and approved verse—such verse as our readers might be expected to get by heart, *and to sing*, as Monge describes the little children of Sparta and Athens singing the songs of freedom—in expectation of the coming of the great nation.

In this difficulty we have had no choice, but either to provide no poetry at all—a shabby expedient—or to go to the only market where it is to be had good and ready-made—that of the Jacobins—an expedient full of danger, and not to be used but with the utmost caution and delicacy.

To this latter expedient, however, after mature deliberation, we have determined to have recourse, accompanying it with an humble effort of our own, in imitation of the poem itself, and in further illustration of its principle.

Accordingly for the first number (November 20, 1797), Canning and Frere indited, with much mock gravity, a parody of an early effusion of Southey, then in his "hot youth" of democratic and "pantisocratic" enthusiasm.

First was printed his "INSCRIPTION for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years;" and beneath Southey's rather grandiloquent sixteen lines, followed in measured length the "Imitation"—

"INSCRIPTION for the Door of the Cell in Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigg, the 'Prentice-cide, was confined, previous to her execution."

"Dost thou ask his crime?" Southey had demanded, addressing the supposed contemplator of Marten's prison:

*He had rebelled against the king, and sat
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty.*

"Dost thou ask her crime?" exclaimed the *Anti-Jacobin*, sentimentalizing over Brownrigg:

*She whipped two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage
schemes!*

Such as Lycurgus taught.

In the second number (November 27) appeared the famous "Sapphics"—"Colloquy between the Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder," prepared also jointly by Canning and Frere, and bearing marks in every line at once of the finest polish which the two highly-cultured scholars could give to it, and of their powers of ridicule. The original

of the "Knife-Grinder" was, again, a piece of Southey's; although the imitation was not so literal this time; and the Anti-Jacobins put it forward as a happy illustration of Jacobin attempts to inculcate the doctrine of "*natural warfare* between the poor and the rich."

"Tell me, Knife-Grinder," says the Friend of Humanity—

How came you to grind knives?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?

Was it the 'squire or parson of the parish?

Or the attorney?

The itinerant disclaims all such suggestions, adding—

I should be glad to drink your honour's health
in

A pot of beer, if you would give me sixpence;
But for my part I never love to meddle

With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d first.
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse
to vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded

Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the Knife-Grinder, overturns his wheel,
and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

The "Needy Knife-Grinder," following on the "Brownrigg" parody, spread far and wide the fame of the new periodical. The wit and humour of course struck many who would have been indifferent to political disquisitions of a solid nature. A sort of *furor* arose for the *Anti-Jacobin*, and its popularity was not only established throughout clubs, drawing-rooms, and literary circles, but descended to the taverns and the streets. The vein of jocosity so happily opened was, therefore, followed up, and "squibs" and epigrams henceforth occupied great part of the paper, at first intended for serious matter.

Meetings at which the subjects of the forthcoming number were talked over, were held at the publisher's (Wright's, 169 Piccadilly). Here, besides Canning, Frere, and Gifford, several gentlemen of rank and talent who were in the secret, used to drop in—Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, Lord Carlisle, Lord Morpeth, and occasionally Pitt himself. The first floor of Wright's house was by arrangement reserved for the Anti-Jacobin fraternity; passing through Wright's shop they could avoid particular observation. Not unfrequently these meetings took place on Sundays.

With the exception, however, of some pieces by Gifford, the editor, all the valuable portions of the *Anti-Jacobin* humour were the productions of Canning and Frere, with, in one or two instances, the addition of a few harmonious bits by Ellis, the intimate friend, from an early period, of both of them. With his occasional combination, Canning and Frere continued their singular arrangement of joint-stock authorship, "suggesting to each other here a line, there a phrase, very much as they might have done when schoolboys at Eton." * When written, the articles were copied out by Wright's assistant, Upcott, before being sent to the printer.

The *Anti-Jacobin* now went briskly and fiercely on. We will mention the headings of some of the poetic onslaughts on alleged "Sansculottic" sympathizers in England and on the French nation in general, following in succession:—" *La Sainte Guillotine* ;" "The Soldier's Friend—Dactyls," in which a Friend of Humanity is represented as in a *giving* mood :

Come, little Drummer-Boy, lay down your knapsack here ;

I am the Soldier's Friend—here are some books for you ;

Nice clever books, by TOM PAINE, the philanthropist.

Here's half-a-crown for you—here are some handbills too ;

Go to the Barracks, and give all the Soldiers some ;

Tell them the Sailors are all in a Mutiny !

Then there came out "An Ode to Anarchy by a Jacobin ;" "The Duke and the Taxing Man ;" "Brissot's Ghost ;" "A Bit of an Ode to Mr. Fox," &c., to none of which can we award much merit.

Here is the opening stanza of a song by Canning, Frere, and Ellis, which they "recommend to be sung at all *convivial* meetings convened for the purpose of opposing the Assessed Tax Bill. The correspondent who has transmitted it to us, informs us that he has tried it with great success among many of his well-disposed neighbours, who had been at first led to apprehend that the hundred and twentieth part of their income was too great a sacrifice for the preservation of the remainder of their property from French confiscation :"

You have heard of Rewbell,
That demon of hell,

And of Barras, his brother Director ;
Of the canting Lepaux,
And that scoundrel Moreau,
Who betrayed his old friend and protector.*

One is tempted to exclaim here that "the calling of names is no argument ;" and indeed we are now touching upon the darker side of the *Anti-Jacobin's* character. Its very name, it is true, to some extent prepares us for considerable virulence of language ; our forefathers no doubt heartily enjoyed those furious onslaughts, which we peruse (in view of the authorship) with painful astonishment, till by an effort we bring before our mind's eye the exact state in which England stood three-quarters of a century ago ; till we "acclimatize" ourselves to the storminess of the political and social atmosphere enveloping all ranks ; till we remember the then recent horrors of the great Reign of Terror, and the abhorrence thereby excited in the majority of Englishmen towards all supposed to be tainted with the leaven of Sansculottism. Unless we do so (bearing in mind, too, the changes in manners since 1797) we can hardly comprehend, much less make allowance for, the torrent of ridicule and fierce abuse poured on such men in England as Fox, as Erskine, as Coleridge, as Priestley (driven from Birmingham in those times by a brutal mob, but to whom Birmingham now erects a statue), the unmitigated villany imputed to *all* the French Revolutionists, and the coarse taunts broad-scattered, of some of which even the meaning is now obsolete. In "New Morality," the finely-written poem with which Canning adorned the last number of the *Anti-Jacobin*, one of the honestest and purest of the Girondins, the "*rigide ministre*" with whose portrait in Carlyle's *French Revolution* we are all familiar, and his high-minded wife Madame Roland, are, without any excuse, made the subject of vulgar sneers.

The high-minded, if over-ardent, Thelwall was frequently the object of *Anti-Jacobin* derision :

Thelwall, and ye that lecture as ye go,
And for your pains get pelted—

And in the following lines Coleridge, Southey, and Charles Lamb (!) were all represented as approvers of the peculiar religious system of one of the French Directors, Revellière-Lepaux ; and, in fact, as little better than atheists—

* *Works of J. H. Frere, with Memoir.* By his nephews, W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere. London: 1872.

* Pichegru is meant ; but the accusation against Moreau—the victor of Hohenlinden—of having betrayed him, is overcharged.

And ye five other wandering bards that move
In sweet accord of harmony and love :
Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb &
Co.,

Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux.
New Morality.

Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria*, complains bitterly of the calumnious lines, and a note appended to them.

Lamb was most probably in total ignorance of the creed of Lepaux — hardly knew even of his existence. Some lovers of Elia may perhaps thank us for reproducing here two pieces which he indited some time later, as they are not frequently to be met with. They were contributed to Thelwall's newspaper, the *Champion*, and we are not aware that they have ever appeared in any collection of Lamb's works, although three pieces under the same initials, in the same periodical — "The Three Graves," "St. Crispin to Gifford," and "Triumph of the Whale," have been included. The "extremist" tone in them was doubtless assumed, but the rancour against Canning seems genuine. We do not think the one mention of his own name would have stirred "the gentle Elia" to it; but he could not forgive the plentiful mockery of his two friends Thelwall and Coleridge, by the "shallow Eton wit" of the *Anti-Jacobin*.

L

THE UNBELOVED.

Not a woman, child, or man in
All this isle that loves thee Canning;
Fools, whom gentle manners sway,
May incline to Castlereagh;
Princes, who old ladies love,
Of the Doctor * may approve;
Chancery lords do not abhor
Their chatty, childish Chancellor;
In Liverpool, some virtues strike,
And little Van's beneath dislike.
But thou, unamiable object,
Dear to neither prince nor subject,
Veriest, meanest scab, for pelf
Fastening on the skin of Guelph,
Thou, thou must, surely, loathe thyself.

II.

SONNET TO MATTHEW WOOD, ESQ.
ALDERMAN AND M.P.

Hold on thy course uncheck'd, heroic Wood!
Regardless what the player's son may prate,
St. Stephen's fool, the Zany of Debate,
Who nothing generous ever understood.
London's twice Prætor! scorn the fool-born
jest,
The stage's scum, and refuse of the play-
ers

Stale topics against magistrates and
mayors —
City and country both thy worth attest.

Bid him leave off his shallow Eton wit,
More fit to soothe the superficial ear
Of drunken Pitt and that unworthy Peer,
When at their sottish orgies they did sit,
Hatching mad counsels from inflated vein
Till England and the nations reeled with
pain.

But to pass from these observations, for our purpose is rather to relate the progress and exhibit the humour of the *Anti-Jacobin* than to dilate upon the blemishes of its political satire — in the two pieces entitled "The Progress of Man," and "The Loves of the Triangles," we see Canning and Frere at their best again. Their smooth versification, perfectly classical, yet happily humorous, is conspicuously displayed in these two mock-heroic poems. They are too long, and of too even merit for us to select much from; we will, however, take one short specimen of each.

In 1796 Mr. R. Payne Knight had published "The Progress of Civil Society; a Didactic Poem in six books." This production, which contained some passages arguing a decided preference for man in a savage state, uncorrupted by the artificialities of civilization, and also some singular descriptions and allusions concerning the passion of love, offered a fair mark for the ridicule of Canning. Here is a *morceau* from his parody (Mr. Knight, be it observed, had written two lines to the effect that love —

In softer notes bids Libyan lions roar,
And warms the whale on Zembla's frozen
shore) : —

Let us a plainer, steadier path pursue —
Mark the grim savage scoop his light canoe,
Mark the dark rook, on pendent branches
hung,
With anxious fondness feed her cawing
young;
Mark the fell leopard through the desert
prowl,
Fish prey on fish, and fowl regale on fowl;
How Libyan tigers' chawdrons love assails,*
And warms, 'midst seas of ice, the melting
whales,
Cools the crimp't cod, fierce pangs to perch
imparts
Shrinks shrivelled shrimps, but opens oysters'
hearts;
Then say, how all these things together tend
To one great truth, prime object, and good
end?

* [Note A.-Z.] "Add thereto a tiger's chawdron."
— *Macbeth*.

* Addington.

First — to each living thing, whate'er its kind,
Some lot, some part, some station is assigned.
The feathered race with pinions skim the air,
Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear;

This roams the *wood*, carniv'rous, for his prey,
That, with soft roe, pursues his *watery* way,
This, slain by hunters, yields his shaggy hide,
That, caught by fishers, is on *Sundays* cried.*

As "The Progress of Man" was first conceived and commenced by Canning, so "The Loves of the Triangles" was the original idea of Frere, and then, like the other, was jointly carried out. Like "The Progress of Man," it parodied the production of a learned man, but indifferent poet, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who had brought out "The Loves of the Plants." No one was better qualified to write of plants than Dr. Darwin, but scientifically, not poetically.

Jeffrey pronounced "The Loves of the Triangles" to be the perfection of parody. The contest between Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis for the love of the Phœnician Cone is certainly very amusing. We will rather select, however, the following incidental description of the Thames and old London Bridge, which has a pleasant old-world flavour, recalling to our minds some of the best passages in Gay's "Trivia."

So thy dark arches, London Bridge, bestride
Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide.
There oft — returning from those green retreats

Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seats;
Where each spruce nymph, from city competitors free,

Sips the froth'd syllabub, or fragrant tea;
While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burnt champagne,

Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain;
There oft, in well-trimm'd wherry, glide along
Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering throng;

Smells the tarr'd rope — with undulation fine,
Flaps the loose sail — the silken awnings shine;

* We trace in Horace Walpole's *Letters* a hint that some part of Canning's anti-Jacobin poetry was written a year or more before the starting of the periodical; and, in MS., had already amused select circles. "I send you," Walpole writes on March 22, 1796, to the Rev. W. Mason, "a parody on two lines of Mr. Knight's, which will show you that his poem is seen in its true light by a young man of allowed parts, Mr. Canning, whom I never saw."

* Some fainter irritations seem to feel,
Which o'er its languid fibres gently steal.' — *Knight*.

* Cools the crimp'd cod, to pond-perch pangs imparts,
Thrills the shell'd shrimps, and opens oysters' hearts.
Canning."

The A.-Y. lines, it will be observed, vary from these.

"Shoot we the bridge!" the vent'rous boatmen cry —

"Shoot we the bridge!" th' exulting fare reply.*

— Down the steep fall the headlong waters go,

Curls the white foam, the breakers roar below:

The veering helm the dext'rous steersman stops,

Shifts the thin oar, the fluttering canvas drops;

Then with closed eyes, clenched hands, and quick-drawn breath

Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the gulf beneath.

— Full 'gainst the pier th' unsteady timbers knock,

The loose planks starting own the impetuous shock;

The shifted oar, dropt sail, and steadied helm,
With angry surge the closing waters whelm —

Laughs the glad Thames, and clasps each fair one's charms

That screams and scrambles in his oozy arms.

— Drenched each smart garb, and clogged each struggling limb;

Far o'er the stream the cockneys sink or swim;
While each badged boatman, clinging to his

oar,

Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs the applauding shore.

The few prose articles contributed by Canning and Frere to the columns of the *Anti-Jacobin* offer but little for remark. They are not reprinted with the poetry in Mr. Edmonds' edition of 1854. We must not, however, pass by one pre-eminent specimen of banter which is buried among them — a supposed "Meeting of the Friends of Freedom," in which the oratory of Erskine was caricatured. It is stated in the recent memoir of Frere that it proceeded from his pen alone.

Mr. Erskine now arose, in consequence of some allusions which had been made to the trial by jury. He profess'd himself to be highly flattered by the encomiums which had been lavished upon him; at the same time, he was conscious that he could not, without some degree of reserve, consent to arrogate to himself those qualities which the partiality of his friends had attributed to him. He had on former occasions declared himself to be clothed with the infirmities of man's nature; and he now begged leave, in all humility, to reiterate that confession. He should never cease to consider himself as a feeble, and, with respect to the extent of his faculties, a finite being; he had ever borne in mind, and he hoped he should ever continue to bear in mind, those words of the inspired penman, "Thou

* [Note A.-Y.] "Fare," a person, or any number of persons, conveyed in a hired vehicle by land or water.

hast made him less than the angels, to crown him with glory and honour." These lines were indeed applicable to the state of man in general, but of no man more than himself; they appeared to him pointed and personal, and little less than prophetic; they were always present to his mind; he could wish to wear them in his breast, as a sort of amulet against the enchantment of public applause, and the witcheries of vanity and self-delusion: yet if he were indeed possessed of those superhuman powers—all pretensions to which he again begged leave most earnestly to disclaim—if he were endowed with the eloquence of an angel, and with all those other faculties which we attribute to angelic natures, it would be impossible for him to do justice to the eloquence with which the honourable gentleman who opened the meeting (Mr. Fox) had defended the cause of freedom, identified, as he conceived it to be, with the persons and government of the Directory. In his present terrestrial state he could only address it as a prayer to God, and as counsel to man, that the words which they had heard from that honourable gentleman might work inwardly in their hearts, and in due time produce the fruit of liberty and revolution.

The conduct of the Directory, with regard to the exiled deputies, had been objected to by some persons on the score of a pretended rigour. For his part, he should only say that having been, as he had been, both a soldier and a sailor, if it had been his fortune to have stood in either of those two relations to the Directory—as a man, and as a major-general, he should not have scrupled to direct his artillery against the national representation; as a naval officer he would undoubtedly have undertaken for the removal of the exiled deputies; admitting the exigency, under all its relations as it appeared to him to exist, and the then circumstances of the times, with all their bearings and dependencies, branching out into an infinity of collateral considerations, and involving in each a variety of objects, political, physical, and moral; and these again under their distinct and separate heads, ramifying into endless sub-divisions, which it was foreign to his purpose to consider.

Mr. Erskine concluded by recapitulating in a strain of agonizing and impressive eloquence, the several more prominent heads of his speech. He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester School—he had been called by special retainers, during the summer, into many different and distant parts of the country, travelling chiefly in post-chaises. He felt himself called upon to declare that his poor faculties were at the service of his country—of the free and enlightened part of it, at least. He stood here as a man. He stood in the eye, indeed in the hand, of God—to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed. He was of noble, perhaps royal, blood—he had a house at Hampstead—was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical reform—

his pamphlets had gone through thirty editions, skipping alternately the odd and even numbers—he loved the constitution, to which he would cling and grapple—and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature!

On another occasion there appeared, under the heading of "Foreign Intelligence Extraordinary," a *soi-disant* despatch of Buonaparte, announcing progress and victories of a most unheard-of character. It was professed "with that priority of intelligence which has ever distinguished our paper" to have been received from a "correspondent, a currant merchant at Zante—by a neutral ship which arrived in the river last night.

In this, though the irony is not so minute and delicate as in "Erskine's Speech," the "big bow-wow" style frequently displayed in Napoleon's early bulletins is very successfully hit off—so much so, indeed, that, as the editor of the collection of 1799 asserts, another journal using the freedom of the press actually copied the news as authentic information for the eager public!

Head Quarters, Salamis, 18 Prairial.

Citizen Directors, — The brave soldiers who conferred liberty on Rome have continued to deserve well of their country. Greece has joyfully received her deliverers. The tree of liberty is planted on the Piræus. Thirty thousand Janissaries, the slaves of despotism, had taken possession of the Isthmus of Corinth. Two demi-brigades opened us a passage. After ten days' fighting we have driven the Turks from the Morea. The Peloponnesus is now free. Every step in my power has been taken to revive the ancient spirit of Sparta. The inhabitants of that celebrated city, seeing the *black broth* of my troops, and the scarcity of specie to which we have been long accustomed, will, I doubt not, soon acquire the frugal virtues of their ancestors. As a proper measure of precaution, I have removed all *Pitt's gold* from the country.

On landing at this island I participated in a scene highly interesting to humanity. A poor fisherman, of the family of Themistocles, attended by his wife, a descendent of the virtuous Phryne, fell at my feet. I received him with the fraternal embrace, and promised him the protection of the Republic. He invited me to supper at his hut; and in gratitude to his deliverer, presented me with a memorable *oyster-shell*, inscribed with the name of his illustrious ancestor. As this curious piece of antiquity may be of service to some of the Directory, I have enclosed it in my despatches, together with a marble tablet, containing the proper form for pronouncing the sentence of *Ostracism on Royalist Athenians*. . . .

Baraguay d'Hilliers, with the left wing of the army of Egypt, has fixed his headquarters

at Jerusalem. He is charged to restore the Jews to their ancient rights. Citizens Jacob Jacobs, Simon Levi, and Benjamin Solomons, of Amsterdam, have been provisionally appointed Directors. I beg you will ratify a grant which I have made of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra to a society of *Illuminati* from Bavaria. They may be of service in extending our future conquests.

I have received very satisfactory accounts from Desaix, who had been sent, by Berthier, into the interior of Africa. That fine country has been too long neglected by Europeans. In manners and civilization it much resembles France, and will soon emulate our virtues. Already does the torrid zone glow with the ardour of freedom. Already has the altar of liberty been reared in the Caffrarian and Equinoctial Republics. Their regenerated inhabitants have sworn eternal amity to us at a civic feast, to which a detachment of our army was invited. This memorable day would have terminated with the utmost harmony, if the Caffrarian Council of Ancients had not devoured the greater part of General Desaix's *Etat-major* for their supper. I hope our ambassador will be instructed to require that civic feasts of this nature be omitted for the future. The Directory of the Equinoctial Republic regret that the scarcity of British cloth in Africa, and the great heat of the climate, prevent them from adopting our *costume*.

We hope soon to liberate the Hottentots, and to drive the perfidious English from the extremities of Africa and of Europe. Asia, too, will soon be free. The three-coloured flag floats on the summit of Caucasus; the Tigrine Republic is established; the Cis and Trans-Euphratean Conventions are assembled; and soon shall Arabia, under the mild influence of French principles, resume her ancient appellation, and be again denominated "the Happy." . . .

A broken column will be sent from Carthage: it records the downfall of that commercial city, and is sufficiently large for an inscription (if the Directory should think proper to place it on the banks of the Thames) to inform posterity that it marks the spot where *London* once stood.

Health and fraternity,
BUONAPARTE.

We have abbreviated the above somewhat from the original in No. 33 of the *Anti-Jacobin* (June 25, 1798). The piece was doubtless struck off by Canning alone, as no reference is made to it in the memoir of Frere.

We now come to "The Rovers; or, the Double Arrangement;" which by its combination of much broad fun, clever parody, and ludicrous juxtaposition of impossible chronology, approaches, and if further elaborated might have ranked with, the much better-known "Critic" of Sheridan. The leading characteristics

of the literary partnership of its authors — wit, banter, and style — had full play in this piece. The subject of attack was the new-born German drama in general, which was peculiarly obnoxious to the Anti-Jacobins by its supposed subversive tendencies. The English press and stage had begun to be flooded with bad translations of some of the least meritorious youthful works of Goethe, Schiller, Kotzebue, and lesser German writers, and Frere, Canning, and Ellis again espied a fair target whereat to wing their shafts.

It is curious to note the touchiness of a great German man of letters — Niebuhr, the historian — in reference to this onslaught of the English humourists on the exaggerations which undeniably were to be found in the then immature theatre of his country.

"Canning," says the great reconstructor of Roman history (*Geschichte des Zeitalters der Revolution*),

joined the Society of the Anti-Jacobins, which defended everything connected with existing institutions. This society published a journal, in which the most honoured names of foreign countries were attacked in the most scandalous manner. German literature was at that time little known in England, and it was associated there with the idea of Jacobinism and revolution. Canning then published in the *Anti-Jacobin* the most shameful pasquinade which was ever written against Germany, under the title of *Matilda Pottingen*. Gottingen is described in it as the sink of all infamy; professors and students as a gang of miscreants. Such was Canning. He was at all events useful — a sort of political Cossack.

It is to be remarked that Niebuhr — who by-the-bye resided in London in 1798, and probably read "The Rovers" in the *Anti-Jacobin* as it came out — has not even correctly quoted the title of the burlesque over which he somewhat wastes needless indignation.

But few words will be necessary to introduce our extracts; the "plot" is, as far as it is possible or necessary to state it, thus formed. Casimere, a Polish officer, and husband of Cecilia Muckenfeldt, allows his amorous passions to betray him into the "double arrangement," which gives the second title to the play, and is in mood (like Captain Macheath) to wish it a single one. Let his words from a scene a little way on in the piece explain: —

Casimere. What a contrast! you are flying to liberty and your home; I, driven from my

home by tyranny, am exposed to domestic slavery in a foreign country.

Beefington (an exiled English nobleman). How, domestic slavery?

Casimere. Too true—two wives—*(slowly and with a dejected air—then, after a pause)*—You knew my Cecilia?

Beefington. Yes, five years ago.

Casimere. Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a lady in Wetteravia—my Matilda was under her protection. Alighting at a peasant's cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit spreading bread-and-butter for the children, in a light-blue riding habit.* The simplicity of her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all conspired to interest me: my heart moved to hers as if by a magnetic sympathy; we wept, embraced, and went home together; she became the mother of my Pantalowsky. But five years of enjoyment have not stifled the reproaches of my conscience—her Rogero is languishing in captivity—if I could restore her to him!

Rogero, it will be discerned, is the other hero of the play. An ardent young student at the University of Gottingen, he first had loved, and not without return, his tutor's daughter—"sweet, sweet, Matilda Pottingen." But the Herr Doctor Pottingen, on the love-affair coming to his knowledge, having apprised Roderic, count of Saxe-Weimar, Rogero has been by that "sanguinary tyrant" confined in a dungeon of the neighbouring Abbey of Quedlinburgh; its prior ("very corrupt and cruel") kindly laying himself out to oblige the count in such manner. The priest, however, does not venture to allow the infliction of a violent death on Rogero, and during his many years of captivity "his daily sustenance is administered to him through a grated opening at the top of the cavern by the landlady of the 'Golden Eagle' at Weimar." The count, by his minister nevertheless, is "continually endeavouring to corrupt the waiter to mingle poison with the food, in order that he may get rid of Rogero forever."

This waiter, be it observed, is in reality, "no waiter, but a Knight Templar," and is endowed with a flow of "sentiment" which Joseph Surface might envy.

The opening scene is at the just-mentioned posting-inn at Weimar.

Enter Matilda.

Matilda. Is it impossible that I can have dinner sooner?

Landlady. Madam, the Brunswick post-wagon is not yet come in, and the ordinary is never before two o'clock.

* Of course an allusion to Charlotte, in Goethe's *Werter*.

Matilda (with a look expressive of disappointment, but immediately recomposing herself). Well, then, I must have patience (*exit Landlady*). Oh, Casimere! How often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation! . . .

Post-horn blows. Re-enter Landlady.

Landlady. Madam, the post-wagon is just come in, with only a single gentlewoman.

Matilda. Then show her up, and let us have dinner instantly.

Exit Landlady. Enter Cecilia.

Matilda. Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

Cecilia. The way was dusty, madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated thro' my soul!

Matilda (aside). Thank Heaven! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own. (*To Cecilia*.) Yes, I understand you; the first pulsation of sentiment, the silver tones upon the yet unsounded harp.

Cecilia. The dawn of life, when this blossom (*putting her hand upon her heart*) first expanded its petals to the penetrating rays of love!

Matilda. Yes, the time, the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another! The blooming hue upon the yet unplucked plum!

Cecilia. Your countenance grows animated, my dear madam.

Matilda. And yours, too, is glowing with illumination.

Cecilia. I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit! My heart was withered, but the beams of yours have rekindled it.

Matilda. A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear an eternal friendship.

Cecilia. Let us agree to live together!

Matilda. Willingly (*with rapidity and earnestness*).

Cecilia. Let us embrace. (*They embrace.*)

Matilda. Yes! I, too, have loved! You, too, like me, have been forsaken—*(doubtfully, and as if with a desire to be informed.)*

Cecilia. Too true!

Both. Ah, these men! These men!

[*Landlady enters and places a leg of mutton on the table, with sour-crust and pruin sauce, then a small dish of black puddings. Cecilia and Matilda appear to take no notice of her.*

Matilda. Oh, Casimere!

Cecilia (aside). Casimere! That name! Oh, my heart, how it is distracted with anxiety!

Matilda. Heavens! madam, you turn pale.

Cecilia. Nothing—a slight megrim; with your leave, I will retire.

Matilda. I will attend you. . . .

[*Scene changes to a subterranean vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh; with coffins, scutcheons, death's-heads and cross-bones. Toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage. Rogero*

with his chains, in a suit of rusty armour, appears in beard grown, and a cap of grotesque form upon his head.

After a long soliloquy, touching upon his severance from the world and his fellowmen, upon his agonizing memories of Matilda, and the general cruelties of his captivity—"here in the depths of an eternal dungeon—in the nursing cradle of hell—the suburb of perdition—in a nest of demons, where despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where agony woos the embrace of death; where patience, beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilities;" the hapless Rogero endeavours to solace himself with a song, which, though well known, will bear repetition.

[Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air, with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra.

SONG BY ROGERO.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen—
niversity of Gottingen.

[Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heav'nly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!
Alas! Matilda then was true,
At least I thought so at the U-
(Twice) niversity of Gottingen.

[At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-wagon trotting in;
Ye bore Matilda from my view,
Forlorn I languished at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue,
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
tor, Law Professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in,
Here doom'd to starve on water gru-
el,* never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

* [Note A.-7.] A manifest error, since it appears

[During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops—the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.

In the original weekly number of the *Anti-Jacobin*, which now lies before us, the last stanza (an excellent *finale*) does not appear. Tradition reports it to have been added by Pitt, momentarily inspired by the amusement he derived from reading over the song.

"The Rovers," in its further progress, is enlivened by "a troubadour," with a song and duet as jovial as Rogero's song is melancholy, and by the whimsical introduction of "*Puddingfield and Beefington, two English noblemen exiled by the tyranny of King John, previous to the signature of Magna Charta.*" "An objection has been made," the Prefatory Remarks in the *Anti-Jacobin* state, "to the names of *Puddington and Beefington*, as little likely to have been assigned to English characters by any author of taste and discernment. Our author proceeded, in all probability, on the authority of Goldoni, who though not a German, is an Italian writer of considerable reputation; and who, having heard that the English were distinguished for their love of liberty and beef, has judiciously compounded the two words *Runnymede and beef*, and thereby produced an English nobleman, whom he styles *Lord Runnybeef.*"

We find these worthies at the inn at Weimar, sitting at a small deal table, and playing all-fours.

Beefington opens an English newspaper.

Beefington. Glorious news, my dear *Puddingfield*; the Barons are victorious. King John has been defeated; Magna Charta, that venerable immemorial inheritance of Britons, was signed last Friday three weeks, the third of July, Old Style!

Puddingfield. I can scarce believe my ears, but let me satisfy my eyes; show me the paragraph.

Beefington. Here it is, just above the advertisements.

Puddingfield (reads). "The great demand for Packwood's Razor-Strops——"

Beefington. Pshaw! what, ever blundering;

from the waiter's conversation that Rogero was not doomed to starve on water-gruel, but on peas-soup, which is a much better thing. Possibly the length of Rogero's imprisonment had impaired his memory, or he might wish to make things appear worse than they really were; which is very natural, I think, in such a case as this poor unfortunate gentleman's. — *Printer's Devil.*

you drive me from my patience ; see here, at the head of the column.

Puddingfield (reads) :

"A hireling print, devoted to the Court, Has dared to question our veracity Respecting the events of yesterday ; But by to-day's accounts, our information Appears to have been perfectly correct. The charter of our liberties received The Royal signature at five o'clock, When messengers were instantly despatched To Cardinal Pandolfo ; and their Majesties, After partaking of a cold collation, Returned to Windsor." — I am satisfied.

Beefington. Yet, here again, there are some further particulars (*turns to another part of the paper*) — "Extract of a letter from Egham. My dear friend, — We are all here in high spirits ; the interesting event which took place this morning at Runnymede, in the neighbourhood of this town —"

Puddingfield. Hah ! Runnymede ; enough, no more ; my doubts are vanished ; then are we free indeed !

Beefington. I have, besides, a letter in my pocket from our friend the immortal Bacon, who has been appointed Chancellor. Our outlawry is reversed. What says my friend ; shall we return by the next packet ?

Puddingfield. Instantly ! instantly !

Both. Liberty ! Adelaide ! Revenge !

The closing scene of the drama takes place before the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, after we have seen "*Companies of Austrian and Prussian Grenadiers march across the stage confusedly, as if returning from the Seven Years' War.*" Most of the personages of the drama are assembled, and Casimere is addressing them — tired of his "double arrangement," and bent now on rescuing the unfortunate Rogero, that he may restore him to his Matilda. Beefington and Puddingfield (whom he had known) have agreed to help in the heroic enterprise. "Ten brave men" only are wanted, and an Austrian and a Prussian grenadier are present. Says Casimere :

I have made them abjure their national enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of freedom. These, with young Pottingen, the waiter, and ourselves, make seven. The Troubadour, with his two attendant minstrels, will complete the ten.

Beefington. Now then for the execution (*with enthusiasm*).

Puddingfield. Yes, my boys, for the execution ! (*clapping them on the back.*)

Waiter. But hush ! we are observed.

Troubadour. Let us by a song conceal our purposes.

[*Recitative, accompanied.*]

After the song, ending with an enthusiastic general chorus :

Let us fly, let us fly,
Let us help, ere he die !
[*Excunt omnes, waving their hats.*]

And the Abbey is then taken by storm.

"The Rovers," though nominally consisting of five acts, has only two filled up ; the others are briefly indicated by the description of the plot. Frere and Canning doubtless suspected that they might make the brilliant *jeu d'esprit* too long — yet they might certainly have constructed several other scenes, in which the hapless Rogero, for instance (who does not appear after his one utterance of his woes), and the waiter, so long his preserver, might have figured, which would have been very effective.

The several parts contributed by Canning and Frere respectively can be described with great exactness, thanks to the "Memoir of Frere, by his Nephews."

Of what we have extracted of the play, the greater portion is by Frere. The opening scene, and in fact all the utterances of Cecilia and Matilda, Casimere and the Waiter, also Rogero's soliloquy, are by him. To Canning we are to ascribe the introduction of Puddingfield, Beefington, and Young Pottingen, down to the "arrival of the news of Magna Charta ;" but all the ludicrous rejoicing over that "interesting event in the neighbourhood of Egham" was added by Frere.

Rogero's song was written by Canning, without Frere, but assisted by Ellis ; and, as we have said, the final stanza is believed to have been supplied by the great Mr. Pitt himself. The closing scene of the general conspiracy of "The Rovers" (and it may be remarked that every personage in the play, with the exception of the Landlady and Rogero — who of course would be if he could — is a *Rover*) and the description of the attack and capture of the Abbey is by Frere.

It is not generally known that in 1811, thirteen years after the appearance of the *Anti-Jacobin*, this famous burlesque was actually put upon the stage, adapted, and with extraneous matter added, by George Colman.

The following was the announcement :

Haymarket Theatre, July 26.

This evening will be produced, as a grand dressed Rehearsal of a Tragico-Comico-Anglo-Germanico-Hippo-Ono-Dramatico-Romance — a new Piece (in Two Acts) called the

Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh:
or,

The Rovers of Weimar.

The groundwork, and some scenes (with alterations) of this drama are extracted from a celebrated and witty periodical publication commenced in London towards the close of the last century and now discontinued.

The peculiar title given to the play in conjunction with the old one is explained by the *hippomania* prevalent at the theatres in 1811, real animals being brought on the stage at Covent Garden; the grand assault on the Abbey of course gave a fine opportunity in the Haymarket performance for burlesque of that innovation, and for rivalry of a piece, "The Quadrupeds," at the Lyceum; cavalry were, therefore, introduced, which were "half man and half basket-work -- their appearance and spirit were admirable."

The "Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh" had a run, as an afterpiece, of thirty nights. All the characters of the *Anti-Jacobin* were preserved in it. Rogero was played by Liston, Casimere by Munden, the Waiter by Finn, and Beefington and Puddingfield by Shaw and Grove; whilst Mrs. Glover was Matilda and Mrs. Gibbs Cecilia.

In the *Dramatic Censor* of July 1811, we find the following critique:

The first act went off exceedingly well. The meeting of Matilda Pottingen and Cecilia Muckenfeldt called forth loud bursts of laughter from all parts of the theatre, and the ensuing song of the captive Rogero had the happiest effect, and closed the scene with universal applause.

The latter part of this romance was less successful. The force of the satire was not always felt, and in some instances its propriety was not acknowledged. The romance concludes with a grand battle, in which the last scene of "Timour the Tartar" is closely imitated and burlesqued, in the first style of extravagance; a battering-ram is introduced as in "Timour," and with similar effect. The "Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh" is attributed to Messrs. Canning and Colman. It appeared first in the *Anti-Jacobin*.

It is pleasant to view, by the medium of a contemporary tourist, Canning witnessing his own piece of drollery.

The pale face with *nares acutissima* of the ex-minister was pointed out to us in the next box in company with Lord M.; he laughed very heartily. — *Simond's Tour*, 1811.

We must now conclude this account of Canning and Frere's joint work, — so thoroughly interwoven, as we have seen, that, though the former afterwards far sur-

passed his friend in the career of politics, their names must ever be inseparable in the story of English literature.

The founders of the *Anti-Jacobin* soon began to be of opinion that the "satirical spirit to which so much of the success of the serial was due might, in the long run, prove a less manageable and discriminating ally than the party might desire;" so the vehicle of Canning and Frere's wit and humour finished its course, after a succession of only thirty-six weekly numbers, from November 20, 1797, to July 16, 1798, having done much covert service to Pitt's Government, and having afforded infinite merriment to our forefathers.

J. C.

From Good Words.

FATED TO BE FREE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER I.

A WATCHER OF LILIES.

"Unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid." — *Collect, English Communion Service.*

IN one of the south-western counties of England, some years ago, in a deep well-wooded valley where men made perry and cider, wandered little and read less, there was a hamlet, with neither farm nor cottage in it that had not stood 250 years, and just beyond there was a church nearly double that age, and there were the mighty wrecks of two great oak-trees, said to be more ancient still.

Between them, winding like a long red rut, went the narrow road, and was so deeply cut into the soil that a horseman passing down it could see nothing of its bordering fields; but about fifty yards from the first great oak the land suddenly dipped, and showed on the left a steep cup-like glen, choked with trees, and only divided from the road by a few dilapidated stakes and palings, and a wooden gate, orange with the rust of lichens, and held together with ropes and bands.

A carriage-drive was visible on the other side of this gate, but its boundaries were half obliterated by the grass and weeds that had grown over it, and as it wound down into the glen it was lost among the trees. Nature, before it has been touched by man, is almost always beautiful, strong, and cheerful in man's eyes; but nature, when he has once

given it his culture and then forsaken it, has usually an air of sorrow and helplessness. He has made it live the more by laying his hand upon it, and touching it with his life. It has come to relish of his humanity, and it is so flavoured with his thoughts, and ordered and permeated by his spirit, that if the stimulus of his presence is withdrawn it cannot for a long while do without him, and live for itself as fully and as well as it did before.

There was nothing to prevent a stranger from entering this place, and if he did so, its meaning very soon took hold of him; he perceived that he had walked into the world of some who were courting oblivion, steeping themselves in solitude, tempting their very woods to encroach upon them, and so swathe them as in a mantle of secrecy which might cover their misfortunes, and win forgetfulness both for their faults and for their decline.

The glen was about 300 yards across, and the trees which crowded it, and overflowed its steep side encroaching over the flat ground beyond, were chiefly maples and sycamores. Every sunbeam that shot in served to show its desolation. The place was encumbered with fallen branches, tangled brushwood, dead ferns; and wherever the little stream had spread itself there was a boggy hollow, rank with bulrushes, and glorious with the starry marsh-marigold. But here and there dead trees stood upright, gaunt and white in their places, great swathes of bark hanging loose from their limbs, while crowds of young saplings, sickly for want of space and light, thrust up their heads towards the sunshine, and were tied together and cumbered in their struggle by climbing ropes of ivy, and long banners of the wild black vine.

The ring of woodland was not deep, the domain was soon traversed, and then stepping out into a space covered with rank meadow grass, one might see the house which should have been its heart.

It was a wide, old, red-brick mansion with many irregular windows, no pane in which was more than two inches square. One end of it was deeply embedded in an orchard of pear and apple trees, but its front was exposed, and over the door might be seen the date of its building. The roof was high and sloping, and in its centre rose a huge stack of brick chimneys, which had almost the effect of a tower, while under the eaves, at regular intervals, were thrust out grotesque heads, with short spouts protruding from

their mouths. Some of these had fallen on the paving-flags below, and no one had taken them up. No one ever looked out of those front windows, or appeared to notice how fast the fruit-trees by the house, and the forest-trees from the glen, were reaching out their arms and sending forth their young saplings towards it, as if to close it in and swallow it up.

So still it looked with its closed shutters that what slight evidence there was of its really being inhabited appeared only to make it yet more strange and alone; for these were a gaunt, feeble, old dog, who paced up and down the flags as if keeping guard, and a brass handle on the oaken door, which was so highly polished that it glittered and shone in the light.

But there was a great deal of life and company up aloft, for a tribe of blue pigeons had their home among those eaves and chimneys, and they walked daintily up the steep roof with their small red feet, while they uttered their plaintive call to their young.

It was a strange fancy that prompted the cleaning of this door-handle. "I mun keep it bright," the old woman would say who did it, "in case anybody should come to call." No one but herself ever opened the door, nobody within cared that she should bestow this trouble. Nobody, for more than fifty years, ever had "come to call," and yet partly because the feigning of such a possibility seemed to connect her still with her fellows of the work-a-day world, and partly because the young master, her foster-brother, whom she deeply loved, had last been seen by her with this door-handle in his hand, she faithfully continued every day to begin her light tasks by rubbing it, and while so doing she would often call to mind the early spring twilight she had opened her eyes in so long ago, and heard creaking footsteps passing down the stairs; and then how she had heard the great bolt of the door withdrawn, and had sprung out of bed, and peering through her casement had seen him close it after him, and with his young brother steal away among the ghostly white pear-trees, never to return.

"And I didn't give it a thought that they could be after aught worse than rook-shooting," she would murmur, "for all I heard a sort of a sobbing on the stairs. It was hard on poor old madam though, never to take any leave of her; but all her life has been hard for that matter, poor innocent old critter. Well,

well, I hope it's not a sin to wish 'em happy, spite of that bad action; and as for her, she's had her troubles in this world, as all the parish is ready to testify, and no doubt but what that will be considered to her in the world to come."

All the parish was always ready to testify that poor old madam had had a sight o' troubles. All the parish took a certain awful pleasure in relating them; it was a sort of distinction to have among them such an unfortunate woman and mother, so that the very shepherds' and ditchers' wives plumed themselves upon it over those in the next parish, where the old squire and his wife had never lost one of their many children, or had any trouble "to speak of." "For there was no call to count his eldest son's running off with a dairymaid, it being well beknown," they would observe with severity, "that his mother never would let e'er a one of the young madams as were suitable to marry him come nigh the house."

The dairymaid belonged to their parish, and so afforded them another ground of triumph over their rivals. "Besides," they would say, "wasn't their own church parson — old Parson Green that everybody swore by — wasn't he distinctly heard to say to the young man's father, 'that he might ha' been expected to do wus'? They didn't see, for their parts, that aught but good had come of it neither; but as for poor old madam, anybody might see that no good ever came nigh her. We must submit ourselves to the Almighty's will," they would add with reverence. They couldn't tell why He had afflicted her, but they prayed Him to be merciful to her in her latter end.

It was in old Parson Green's time, the man they all swore by, that they talked thus; but when Parson Craik came, they learned some new words, and instead of accepting trouble with the religious acquiescence of the ignorant, they began to wonder and doubt, and presently to offend their rivals by their fine language. "Mysterious, indeed," they would say, "is the ways of Providence."

In the meantime the poor old woman who for so many years was the object of their speculations and their sympathy, lived in all quietness and humbleness at one end of her long house, and on fine Sundays edified the congregation by coming to church. Not, however, on foot; her great age made that too much an exertion for her. She was drawn by her one old man-servant in a chair on wheels, her granddaughter and her grand-

son's widow walking beside her, and her little great-grandson, Peter, who was supposed to be her heir, bringing up the rear.

Old Madam Melcombe, as the villagers called her. She had a large frame, but it was a good deal bowed down; her face was wrinkled, and her blue eyes had the peculiar dimness of extreme old age, yet those who noticed her closely might detect a remarkable shrewdness in her face; her faculties were not only perfect, but she loved to save money, and still retained a high value for, and a firm grip of, her possessions. The land she left waste was, notwithstanding, precious to her. She had tied up her gate that her old friends might understand, after her eldest son's death, that she could not be tortured by their presence and their sympathy; but she was known sometimes by her granddaughters to enlarge on the goodness of the land thereabouts, and to express a hope that when Peter's guardians came into power, they would bring it under the plough again. She went to church by a little footpath, and always conducted herself with great decorum, though, twice or thrice during the reading of the lessons, she had startled the congregation by standing up with a scared expression of countenance, and looking about her while she leaned on her high staff as if she thought some one had called her; but she was in her ninety-fifth year, and this circumstance, together with the love and pity felt for her, would easily have excused far greater eccentricities.

She had felt very keenly the desertion of her second and her fourth sons, who had run away from home when the elder was barely eighteen, and without previous quarrel or unkindness so far as was known; nor was it believed that they had ever come to see her since, or sought her forgiveness. Her eldest son, while still in the flower of his age, had died by his own hand; her youngest son had died in the West Indies, of fever; and the third, the only one who remained with her, had never been either a comfort or a credit to his family: he had but lately died, leaving a son and a daughter. Of these, the daughter was with her grandmother, and the son was just dead, having left an only child, his heir.

At one end of the house, as has been said, was an orchard, at the other was a large garden. If the desolate appearance of the house was likely to raise oppressive feelings in a stranger's mind, how

much more this garden! It was a large oblong piece of ground, the walls of which enclosed the western end of the house completely. One of them ran parallel with the front, and a massive oaken door somewhat relieved its flat monotony; but this door afforded no ingress, it was bolted and barred from within.

The garden was that special portion of her inheritance on which the ancient owner rested her eyes; morning, noon, and evening she would sit gazing on its green fishpond, all overgrown with duckweed, on the lawn now fast being encroached on by shrubbery, and on the bed of lilies which from year to year spread and flourished.

But she never entered it, nor did any one else.

That end of the house had but four windows on the ground-floor, and these were all strongly barred with iron, the places they lighted consisting of kitchen, offices, and a cider-storeroom. Above these on the first floor were three pleasant rooms overlooking the garden, and opening on to a wooden gallery or verandah, at each end of which was an alcove of an old-fashioned and substantial description.

The gallery was roofed above, had a heavy oaken balustrade, and being fully ten feet wide afforded a convenient place in which the lonely old lady could take exercise, for, excepting on Sunday, she was scarcely ever known to leave her own premises. There also her little great-grandson Peter first learned to walk, and as she slowly passed from one alcove to the other, resting in each when she reached it, he would take hold of her high staff and totter beside her, always bestowing on her as much as he could of his company, and early showing a preference for her over his aunt and even over his mother.

Up and down the gallery this strange pair would move together, and as she went she gazed frequently over the gay wilderness below, and if she sat long in one of the alcoves, she would peer out at its little window always on the same scene; a scene in the winter of hopeless neglect and desolation. Dead leaves, dead dry stalks of foxgloves and mulleins, broken branches, and an arbour with trellised roof, borne down by the weight of the vine.

But in spring and summer the place was gorgeous in parts with a confused tangle of plants and shrubs in flower. Persian lilacs, syringas, laburnums, made

thickets here and there and covered their heads with bloom. Passion-flowers trailed their long tendrils all over the gallery, and masses of snow-white clematis towered in many of the trees.

All distinction between pathway and border had long since been obliterated, the eyes wandered over a carpet of starred and spangled greenery. Tall white gladiolas shot up above it, and spires of foxgloves and rockets, while all about them and among the rose-trees, climbed the morning-glory and the briony-vine.

Stretching in front of the ruined arbour was a lawn, and along one edge of it under the wall, grew a bed of lilies, lilies of the valley, so sweet in their season, that sometimes the old lady's granddaughters would affirm that a waft of their breath had reached them as they sat up in the gallery at work.

It was towards this spot that Madam Melcombe looked. Here her quiet face was frequently turned, from her first early entrance into the gallery, till sunset, when she would sit in one of the alcoves in hot weather. She gave no reason for this watch, but a kindly and reverent reserve protected her from questions. It was felt that the place was sacred to some recollection of her youth, when her young children were about her, before the cruel desertion of two, the ceaseless quarrels of other two, and the tragic death of one of them had darkened her days.

The one door in the wall being fastened, and the ground-floor at that end of the house having none but barred windows, it follows that the only entrance to the garden was now from this gallery. There was, indeed, a flight of steps leading down from it, but there was a gate at the top of them, and this gate was locked.

On the day of her eldest son's funeral, his stricken mother had locked it. Perhaps she scarcely knew at first that the time would never come when she should find courage again to open it; but she took away the key to satisfy some present distressful fancy, and those about her respected her desire that the place should not be entered. They did not doubt that there was some pathetic reason for this desire, but none was evident, for her son had gone down to his death in a secluded and now all but inaccessible part of the glen, where, turning from its first direction, it sunk deeper still, and was divided by red rocks from its more shallow opening.

A useless watch at best was hers, still

of the terrace, and the arbour, and the bed of lilies; but as she got yet deeper down into the vale of years, those about her sometimes hoped that she had forgotten the sorrowful reason, whatever it might be, that drew her eyes incessantly towards them. She began even to express a kind of pleasure in the gradual encroachments of the lovely plants. Once she had said, "It is my hope, when I am gone, as none of you will ever disturb them."

Whatever visions of a happy youth, whatever mournful recollections of the sports of her own children, might belong to them, those now with her knew not of them, but they thought that her long and pathetic watch had at last become more a habit with her than any conscious recalling of the past, and they hoped it might be so.

The one sitting-room used by the family opened into the gallery, and was a good deal darkened by its roof. On one side of it was Peter's nursery, on the other his great-grandmother's chamber, and no other part of the house was open excepting some kitchen-offices, and two or three bedrooms in the roof. The servants consisted of a nurse (herself an old woman), who sat nearly all day in the parlour, because her far more aged mistress required much attendance, a grey-headed housemaid, a cook, and a man, the husband of this last. His chief business was to groom the one horse of the establishment, and ride on it to the nearest town for meat, grocery, and other marketings.

The floor of the parlour was oak, which had once been polished; all the furniture was to the last degree quaint and old-fashioned; the two large windows opened like double doors upon the gallery, and were shaded by curtains of Madras chintz. The chairs, which were inconveniently heavy, were also covered with chintz; it was frilled round them like a petticoat, and was just short enough to show their hideous club-feet. Over the chimney-piece was a frame, and something in it said to be a picture. Peter, when a very little child, used to call it "a picture of the dark," for it seemed to be nothing but an expanse of deep brown, with a spot of some lighter hue in one corner. He wished, he said, that they had put a piece of moon in to show how dark that country was. The old nurse, however, had her theories about this patch; she would have it that it was somewhat in the shape of a jacket; she thought it likely that the picture

represented a hunt, and said she supposed the foremost horseman in his red coat was watering his horse in a pond. Peter and the nurse had argued together on this subject many times before the old lady was appealed to, but when they once chanced to ask her about the picture, she affirmed that the patch was a lobster, and that a sort of ring which seemed faintly to encircle it was the edge of a plate. In short, she declared that this was a Dutch picture of still life, and that in Peter's time, when he came to have it cleaned, it would prove to be worth money.

"And when will it be my time?" asked little Peter innocently.

"Hold your tongue, child!" whispered his mother; "it won't be your time till your poor dear grandmother's in heaven."

"I don't want her to go to heaven yet," said Peter in a plaintive tone (for he regarded her as much the best possession he had), and, raising his voice, he complained to her as to one threatening to injure him, "Grandmother, you don't want to go to heaven just yet, do you?"

"Lor bless the child!" exclaimed old Madam Melcombe, a good deal startled.

"No, don't," continued Peter in a persuasive tone; "stop here, but let me clean the picture, because I want to see that lobster."

"Now I tell you what," answered his great-grandmother rather sharply, "if you was to go and play in the gallery, it would be a deal better than arguing with me." So Peter departed to his play, and forgot the lobster for a little while.

But Peter was not destined that evening to please his great-grandmother, for he had no sooner got well into the spirit of his play in the gallery than he began to sing. "I'm a coward at songs," she would sometimes say; "and if it wasn't for the dear birds, I could wish there was no music in the world."

Her feeling was the same which has been beautifully described by Gassendi, who, writing in Latin, expresses himself thus:—

"He preferred also the music of birds to the human voice or to musical instruments, not because he derived no pleasure from these last, but because, after hearing music from the human voice, there remained a certain sustained agitation, disturbing attention and sleep; while the risings and fallings, the tones and changes and sounds and concords, pass and repass through the fancy;

whereas nothing of the sort can be left after the warbling of birds, who, as they are not open to our imitation, cannot move the faculty of imagination within us." (Gassendi, in *Vita Peireskii*.)

In the garden was plenty of music of the sort that Madam Melcombe still loved. Peter could not shout in his play without disturbing the storm-cock as he sat up aloft singing a love-song to his wife. As for the little birds, blackcaps haunted almost every bush, and the timid white-throat brooded there in peace over her half-transparent eggs.

So no one ever sang in old Madam Melcombe's presence unless Peter forgot himself, and vexed his mother by chanting out snatches of songs that he had caught up from the village children. Mrs. Peter Melcombe formed for herself few theories; she was a woman dull of feeling and slow of thought; she knew as a fact that her aged relative could not bear music. So, as a matter of duty and self-interest, she stopped her child's little voice when she could, and if he asked, "Why does grandmother cry when I sing?" she would answer, "Nobody knows," for she had not reflected how those to whom music is always welcome must have neither an empty heart nor a remorseful conscience, nor keen recollections, nor a foreboding soul.

Peter was a good little boy enough; he was tolerably well tamed by the constant presence of old age, and, with the restraints it brought upon him, and having less imagination than falls to the lot of most children, he was the more affected by his position. When he strayed into a field of wheat, and there was waving and whispering above his head, it was not all one to him, as if he had been lost in some old-world forest, where uncouth creatures dwelt, and castles and caverns might be encountered before the stile. He could not see the great world out of the parlour window, and understand and almost inherit another world beyond the hills; as to the moon, the child's silver heaven, he never saw something marvellous and mild sitting up there and smiling to him to come.

But he was happy, and instead of the wide-open eyes of a child fed to the full with the wonders about him and within him, his eyes were shaded constantly by their light lashes; he enjoyed his play, but he blinked when day was at the full; and all his observations concerned realities. Some story had reached him

about a ghost which had been seen in that immediate neighbourhood.

"Who cooks his dinner, for him?" inquired the child.

"He has no dinner," answered the old housemaid.

"I don't want to see him, then," said the little winking, blinking philosopher; "he might ask me for some of mine."

But that was a height of prudence that he could not reach often, and he several times annoyed his mother and alarmed his aunt by asking questions about this ghost.

Laura Melcombe, Peter's aunt, acted as his governess, and took a certain pride and pleasure in his young intelligence. It was well that she had something real to interest her, for her character was in strong contrast to her nephew's. She lived mainly in an ideal world, and her life was fed by what she fetched up from the clod or down from the clouds. Chiefly by the former. She was "of imagination all compact;" but that is a very unlucky case where there is weak judgment, little or no keenness of observation, a treacherous memory, and a boundless longing for the good things of life. Of all gifts, imagination, being the greatest, is least worth having, unless it is well backed either by moral culture or by other intellectual qualities. It is the crown of all thoughts and powers; but you cannot wear a crown becomingly if you have no head (worth mentioning) to put it on.

Miss Laura Melcombe thought most of the young farmers in the neighbourhood were in love with her. Accordingly, at church or at the market-town, where she occasionally went on shopping-expeditions, she gave herself such airs as she considered suitable for a lady who must gently, though graciously, repel all hopeless aspirations. She was one of those people to whom a compliment is absolute poison. The first man who casually chanced to say something to her in her early youth, which announced to her that he thought her lovely, changed her thoughts about herself forever after. First, she accepted his compliment as his sincere and fervent conviction. Secondly, she never doubted that he expressed his continuous belief, not his feeling of the moment. Thirdly, she regarded beauty in her case as thenceforward an established fact, and not this one man's opinion. Fourthly, she spent some restless months in persuading herself

that to admire must needs be to love, and she longed in vain to see him "come forward." Then some other casual acquaintance paid her a compliment, and she went through the same experience on his account, persuading herself that her first admirer could not afford to marry; and this state of things had now gone on for several years.

CHAPTER II.

THE LESSON.

"Or those eighteen on whom the tower in Siloam fell, think ye . . ."

MANY and many an hour had Peter spent, when he was a very little boy, in gazing through the heavy banister-like railings of the gallery; and, as he grew older, in pensively leaning upon them, and longing in vain to get into the forbidden Paradise of the garden. The gallery-floor being about twelve feet from the ground he could see the whole place from it. Oh the stores of nests that it must contain! the beautiful sharp sticks for arrows! the capital elder-shoots, full of pith! how he longed to get at them for making pop-guns! Sometimes, when the pink hawthorns were in flower, or the guelder-roses, he would throw a ball at one of them just to see what showers of bloom would come down; and then what a commotion such an event would make among the birds! what chattering and chirping, and screaming and fluttering! But the experiment was rather a costly one, for the ball once thrown there was no getting it back again, it must lie and rot till the seams burst open, and birds picked the wool out for their nests.

Sometimes Peter would get a hook tied to the end of a long string, and amuse himself with what he called fishing, that is to say, he would throw out his line, and try to get it tangled in the slight branches of some shrub, and draw it up, with a few of the flowers attached; but with all his fishing he never got up anything worth having: the utmost being a torn cabbage-rose, and two or three shattered peonies, leaf and root and all.

It is melancholy to think how much valuable property was engulfed in this untrodden waste, how many shuttlecocks, hit a little too hard, had toppled over and settled on some flowery clump, in full view of, but out of reach forever of their unfortunate possessor; how many marbles had bounded over and leaped into the green abyss; how many bits of slate-

pencil, humming-tops, little ships made of walnut-shells, and other most precious articles, had been lost there to human ken, and now lay hidden and mouldering away!

Sometimes when Peter had lost anything of more than common value, he would complain to his aunt, or his mother, and hint a humble wish that he could get it again. On such occasions his mother would remark, with a languid sigh, that it certainly did seem a pity such a fine piece of land should lie waste; but if Peter followed up the conversation by declaring that he could easily climb over the gate and get down into the garden if he might, he was immediately met by such stern rebukes from all parties, and such fervent assurances that if he ever dared to do such a thing he should certainly be sent to school, that he grew to the age of seven years with two deep impressions on his mind; first, that it would be very wicked to go down into the garden; second, that it would be very dreadful to be sent to school.

One very fine hot day in July, Madame Melcombe had caused a table to be set in the gallery, that she might enjoy her early tea in the open air. Peter and the rest of the party were with her, and after a long silence he turned towards her and said, "Grandmother, there are no ghosts in our house, are there?"

"Ne'er a one," exclaimed the nurse with zealous promptitude, "they don't come to houses where *good folks live*."

"I wish they would," said Peter, thoughtfully, "I want to see one."

"What does he say?" asked the great-grandmother. The nurse repeated Peter's audacious remark; whereupon Madam Melcombe said briskly and sharply, "Hold your tongue, child, and eat your bread and milk like a Christian; you're spilling it on the floor."

"But I wish they would," repeated Peter softly; and finishing his bread and milk, he said his grace; and his fishing-rod being near at hand, he leaned his elbows on the balustrade, threw his line, and began to play at his favourite game.

"I think," he said, presently turning to his aunt, "I think, aunt, I shall call the garden the 'field of the cloth of gold;' it's so covered with marigolds just now that it looks quite yellow. Henry's tent shall be the arbour, and I'll have the French king's down in this corner."

On hearing this, his mother slightly elevated her eyebrows, she had no notion

what he was alluding to; but his grandmother, who seemed to have been made rather restless and uneasy by his remarks about ghosts, evidently regarded this talk as something more of the same sort, and said to her granddaughter, "I wish, Laura, you wouldn't let him read such a quantity of fairy tales and heathenish nonsense — 'field o' the cloth o' gold,' indeed! Who ever heard of such a thing!"

"He has only been reading the 'History of England,' grandmother," said Peter's aunt.

"I hadn't read anything out of that book for such a long time," said Peter; "my Bible-lesson to-day made me remember it. About that other field, you know, grandmother."

"Come, that's something like," said old Madam Melcombe. "Stand up now, and let me hear your Bible-lesson."

"But, grandmother," Peter inquired, "I may call this the 'field of the cloth of gold,' mayn't I?"

"O dear me, call it anything you like," she replied; "but don't stand in that way to say your task to me; put your feet together now, and fold your hands, and hold your head up. To think that you're the child's aunt, Laura, she continued fretfully, and should take no more heed to his manners. Now, you just look straight at me, Peter, and begin."

The child sighed: the constraint of his attitude perhaps made him feel melancholy. He ventured to cast one glance at his fishing-rod, and at the garden, then looking straight at his great-grandmother, he began in a sweet and serious tone of voice to repeat his lesson from the twenty-seventh chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, the third to the tenth verse.

3. "Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders.

4. "Saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that.

5. "And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself.

6. "And the chief priests took the silver pieces, and said, It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood.

7. "And they took counsel, and bought with them the potter's field, to bury strangers in.

8. "Wherefore that field was called, The field of blood, unto this day.

9. "Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, And

they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel did value;

ro. "And gave them for the potter's field, as the Lord appointed me."

What was this! — standing upright again, as she had done several times in the church — was she listening? It scarcely appeared that she was; she took first one hand from her staff, and looked earnestly at it, and then she took the other, and with wide-open eyes examined that also.

"O cruel, cruel," thought Peter's mother, when Peter had repeated a verse or two, "why did not Laura prevent this, she who knew what the child's lesson was?" and she sat cold and trembling, with an anguish of pity; but she felt that now it was too late to stop her boy, he must go on to the end. As to the nurse, she sitting there still, with her work on her knees, felt as if every word rose up and struck her on the face. He was slowly, pensively, and O so calmly, describing to the poor mother the manner of her son's death.

"That will do, Master Peter," she exclaimed, the moment he had finished; and she snatched his hand and led him away, telling him to go and play in the orchard.

Peter was not destitute of gratitude, and as he made his exit, he thought, what a good thing it was that he did not say his lesson to his grandmother every day.

When the nurse turned again she observed that Madam Melcombe had tottered a step or two forward: her granddaughter, and her grandson's widow were supporting her. One of them called to her to fetch some cordial, and this seemed to disturb the poor old woman, for she presently said slowly, and as if it caused her a great effort to speak, —

"What are they gone for? and what are you doing?"

"We're holding you up, grandmother; you tremble, dear; you can hardly stand. Won't you sit down?"

"Won't I what?" she repeated. "I don't hear;" and she began to move with their help and that of her staff to the balustrade.

The old fancy; the constant fancy; gazing at the bed of lilies, and talking to herself as with her trembling hand to her brow, she peered out towards the arbour. They were words of no particular significance that she said; but just as the nurse came back bringing her a cordial,

she turned round and repeated them distinctly, and with a solemnity that was almost awful.

"They all helped to dig it; and they know they did."

Words that appeared to be so far from the tragical recollection which must have first caused this disturbance in her poor mind; but her granddaughter thought proper to make her some kind of answer.

"Did they, grandmother?" she said in a soothing tone; "and a very good thing too."

She stopped short, for upon the aged face fell suddenly such a look of affright, such renewed intelligence seemed to peer out of the dim eyes, and such defiance with their scrutiny, that for the moment she was very much alarmed.

"She's not quite herself. Oh, I hope she's not going to have a stroke!" was her thought.

"What have I been a-saying?" inquired Madam Melcombe.

"You said it was a good thing they dug the lily-bed," answered her granddaughter.

"And nothing else?"

"No, ma'am, no," answered the nurse; "and if you had, what would it signify?"

Madam Melcombe let them settle her in her chair and give her her cordial, then she said—

"Folks are oft-times known to talk wild in their age. I thought I might be losing my wits; might have said something."

"Dear grandmother, don't laugh!" exclaimed her grandson's widow; "and don't look so strange. Lose your wits! you never will, not you. We shall have you a little longer yet, please God, and bright and sensible to the last."

"Folks are oft-times known to talk wild in their age," repeated Madam Melcombe; and during the rest of that evening she continued silent and lost in thought.

The next morning, after a late breakfast, her family observed that there was still a difference in her manner. She was not quite herself, they thought, and they were confirmed in their opinion when she demanded of her granddaughter and her grandson's widow, that a heavy old-fashioned bureau should be opened for her, and that she should be left alone. "I don't know as I shall be spared much longer," said the meek non-agenarian, "and I've made up my mind to write a letter to my sons."

"My sons!" When they heard this

they were startled almost as they might have been if she had had no sons, for neither of them had ever heard her mention their names. Nothing, in fact, was known concerning them in that house, excepting that what portion of success and happiness had been allotted to the family seemed all to have fallen to their share.

They were vastly unpopular in the hamlet. Not that any but the very old people remembered the day when they had first been missing, or what an extraordinary effect their behaviour had produced on their mother; but that the new generation had taken up her cause—the new parson also—and that the story being still often told had lost nothing in the narration.

Parson Craik had always been poor old madam's champion since his coming among them. He had taken pains to ascertain the facts from the oldest hedger's old wife, and when first he heard her tell how she had opened her door at dawn to let in her husband, during the great gale that was rocking the orchard trees and filling the air with whirls of blossom, that came down like a thick fall of snow, he made an observation which was felt at the time to have an edifying power in it, and which was incorporated with the story ever after. "And when I told him how the grete stack of chimneys fell not half an hour after, over the very place where they had passed, and how they were in such a hurry to be off that they jumped the hedge for fear us should stop them or speak to them. Then says Parson Craik to me, sitting as it might be there, and I a sitting opposite (for I'd given him the big chair), says he to me, 'My friend, we must lay our hands on our mouths when we hear of the afflictions of the righteous. And yet man,' says he, 'man, when he hears of such heartless actions, can but feel that it would have been a just judgment on them, if the wind had been ordained in the hauling of those chimneys down, to fling 'em on their undutiful heads.'"

Poor Madam Melcombe, her eldest son, whose heir she was, had caused the stack of chimneys to be built up again; but she was never the same woman from that day, and she had never seen those sons again (so far as was known), or been reconciled to them. And now she had desired to be left alone, and had expressly said, "I've made up my mind to write a letter to my sons."

So she was left alone and undertook,

with trembling hands and dimmed eyes, her unwonted task. She wrote a letter which, if those about her could have seen it, would certainly have affected their feelings, and would perhaps have made them think more highly yet of her meek forgiving nature, for she neither blamed her sons nor reminded them of what they had done; but rather seemed to offer a strange kind of apology for troubling them, and to give a reason for doing so that was stranger still.

THE LETTER.

"SON DANIEL AND SON AUGUSTUS,— This comes from your poor unfortunate mother that has never troubled you these many, many years, and hoping you and your families are better than I am at present, Son Daniel and you, Son Augustus; and my desire is, both of you, that now you will not deny your poor mother to come and see her, but will, on receipt of this, come as soon as may be, for it's about my funeral that I want to speak, and my time is very short, and I was never used to much writing.

"If you don't come, in particular you, Son Daniel, you will break your poor mother's heart.

"And so no more at present from her that never said an unkind word to you.

"ELIZABETH MELCOMBE."

This letter was addressed to the elder son, went through the village post-office, and when its direction was seen, such interest was excited and so much curiosity, that half the women in the hamlet had been allowed to take a look at its cover before it was sent away.

Perhaps Madam Melcombe herself, when she sat expecting these long-lost sons to appear, was scarcely more agitated or more excited than were the people in that sequestered place. A good many cottagers were hanging about or looking out of the windows when they alighted, and going into the small inn called for spirits and water. It was known outside at once what they had asked for. No wonder they wanted some Dutch courage to take them into her presence, was the general thought.

Several little boys had gathered in front of the door longing, and yet dreading, to get a sight of them. Some inhabitants would have liked to hiss, but lacked unanimity or courage, nobody wanted to begin. Some would have liked to speak, but had not considered beforehand what to say.

The brothers came out, the children fell back; but one little fellow, a child five years old, with a sort of holy necessity upon him (as was supposed) to give his testimony, threw a very little bit of soft dirt at the legs of one of them.

This action was not noticed; and before the other little urchins had found time for aught more fruitful than regret that they had not done likewise, the gentlemen got into their post-chaise, and were driven to the old mansion.

And their mother?

She was quite alone, sitting in all state and expectation, in one of the alcoves, while the deep shadow of the house fell distinct and well defined over the wilderness of a garden.

Her senses were more acute than usual. She was grasping her long staff, and already wearying for them, when she heard the sound of wheels, and presently after a foot in her parlour, and the nurse appeared with two cards on a tray.

Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Augustus Mortimer. This formal introduction flurried Madam Melcombe a little. "The gentlemen are coming," the nurse almost whispered; and then she withdrew, and shutting the glass doors behind her, left this mother to meet with these sons.

Whatever anxiety, whatever sensations of maternal affection might have been stirring within her, it is certain that her first feeling was one of intense surprise. The well-remembered faces that she had cherished now for much more than half a century—the tall, beautiful youth—the fine boy, almost a child, that had gone off with him, could they be now before her? She was not at all oblivious of the flight of time; she did not forget that the eldest of these sons was scarcely nineteen years younger than herself; yet she had made no defined picture of their present faces in her mind, and it was not without a troubled sense of wonder that she rose and saw coming on towards her two majestic old men, with hair as white as snow.

Her first words were simple and hesitating. She immediately knew them from one another.

"Son Dan'el," she said, turning to the taller, "I expect this is you;" and she shifted her staff to her left hand while he took the right; and then the other old man, coming up, stooped, and kissed her on the forehead.

Madam Melcombe shed a few tears. Both her sons looked disturbed, and very ill at ease. She sat down again, and they

sat opposite to her. Then there was such a long, awkward pause, and her poor hand trembled so much, that at last, as if in order to give her time to feel more at ease, her younger son began to talk to her of her granddaughter who lived with her, and of her little great-grandson, Peter Melcombe. He hoped, he said with gravity, that they were well.

There seemed to be nothing else that either of them could think of to say; and presently, helped by the rest their words gave her, Madam Melcombe recovered her self-possession.

"Son Dan'el," she said, "my time must be short now; and I have sent for you and your brother to ask a favour of you. I could not lie easy in my grave," she continued, "if I thought there would be nobody of all my children to *follow me*. I have none but poor Peter's daughter and grandson here now, and I hope you and Augustus and your sons will come to my funeral. I hope you'll promise me faithfully, both of you, that you'll certainly come and follow me to the grave."

A silence followed. The disappointment of both the sons was evident.

They had hoped, the younger remarked, that she might have had something else to say.

No, she had not, she answered. Where would be the good of that? They had written to her often enough about that.

And then she went on to repeat her request. There was nothing she would not do for them, nothing, if they would but promise to come.

"So be it," replied the elder; "but then, you must make me a promise, mother, in your turn."

"It isn't the land?" she inquired, with humble hesitation. "I should be agreeable to that."

"No, God forbid! What you have to promise me is, that if I come to your funeral, you will make such a will that not one acre of the land or one shilling you possess shall ever come to me or mine."

"And," said the other promptly, "I make the same promise, on the same condition."

Then there was another pause, deeper and more intense than the first. The old mother's face passed through many changes, always with an air of cogitation and trouble; and the old sons watched her in such suspense of all movement, that it seemed as if they scarcely breathed.

"You sent your cards in," she said as if with sudden recollection, "to re-

mind me that you'd kept your father's name?"

"Nothing will ever induce either of us to change it," was the answer.

"You're very hard on me, Son Dan'el," she said at last; "for you know you was always my favourite son."

A touching thing to say to such an old man; but there was no reply.

"And I never took any pride in Peter," she continued, "he was that undutiful; and his grandson's a mere child."

Still no reply.

"I was in hopes, if I could get speech of you, I should find you'd got reasonable with age, Dan'el; for God knows you was as innocent of it as the babe unborn."

Old Daniel Mortimer sighed deeply. They had been parted nearly sixty years, but their last words and their first words had been on the same subject; and it was as fresh in the minds of both as if only a few days had intervened between them. Still it seemed he could find nothing to say, and she, rousing up, cried out passionately, —

"Would you have had me denounce my own flesh and blood?"

"No, madam, no," answered the younger.

She noticed the different appellation instantly, and turning on him, said, with vigour and asperity, —

"And you, Augustus, that I hear is rich, and has settled all your daughters well, and got a son of your own, *you* might know a parent's feelings. It's ill done of you to encourage Dan'el in his obstinacy."

Then, seeing that her words did not produce the slightest effect, she threw her lace apron over her head, and pressing her wrinkled hands against her face, gave way to silent tears.

"I'm a poor miserable old woman," she presently cried; "and if there's to be nobody but that child and the tenants to follow me to the grave, it'll be the death of me to know it, I'm sure it will."

With an air of indescribable depression, the elder son then repeated the same promise he had given before, and added the same condition.

The younger followed his example, and thereupon humbly taking down the lace from her face, and mechanically smoothing it over her aged knees, she gave the promise required of her, and placed her hand on a prayer-book which was lying on the small table beside her, as if to add emphasis and solemnity to her words.

CHAPTER III.

ACCIPERE HOC.

AFTER she had received the promise she desired from her sons—a promise burdened with so strange a condition—Madam Melcombe seemed to lose all the keenness and energy she had displayed at first.

She had desired above all things that honour should be shown to her in her death; her mind often occupied itself with strange interest and pertinacity on the details of her funeral. All her wishes respecting it had long been known to her granddaughters, but her eldest surviving son had never been mentioned by name to them. She always spoke of him as “the chief mourner.”

Suddenly, however, it appeared to have occurred to her that he might not be present at it, after all. Everything must be risked to ascertain this. She must write, she must entreat his presence. But when he and his brother sent in their cards she, for the first time in her life, perceived that all she had done was useless. She saw the whole meaning of the situation; for this estate had come to her through the failure of heirs male to her father, and it was the provision of his will that she and her heirs should take back his name—the name of Melcombe.

She knew well that these two sons had always retained their father's name; but when they sent it in to her, she instinctively perceived their meaning. They were calling her attention to the fact, and she was sure now that they never meant to change it.

She had not behaved kindly or justly to her grandson's widow, for people had called little Peter her heir, and she had not contradicted them. But she had never made a will; and she secretly hoped that at the last something would occur to prevent her doing so.

Everything was absolutely in her own power, to leave as she pleased; but a half superstitious feeling prompted her to wait. She wished her eldest surviving son to inherit the estate; but sad reflection seemed to assure her that if it simply lapsed to him as heir-at-law, he would think that next thing to receiving it through a dispensation of Providence; and she was such an unhappy mother, that she had reason to suppose he might prefer that to a direct bequest from her. So she left the kindly women who shared her seclusion entirely unprovided for, and the long services of her

old domestics unrewarded, in order to flatter the supposed prejudices of this unknown son, who was destined now to show her how little he cared for all her forethought, and all her respect for his possible wishes.

This was now over. She felt that she was foiled. She sat, leaning her chin on the top of her staff, not able to find anything more to say; and every moment they spent together, the mother and sons became more painfully embarrassed, more restless and more restrained.

In the meanwhile, Peter's mother and aunt, just as unconscious that his heirship had ever been a doubt, as that it had been secured to him then and there, sat waiting below, dressed in their best, to receive these visitors, and press them to partake of a handsome collation that had been prepared by their mother's order, and was now spread for them with unwonted state and profusion in the best parlour.

This large room had not been used for forty years; but as it was always kept with closed shutters, excepting on those days when it received a thorough and careful cleaning, the furniture was less faded than might have been expected, and the old leather-backed chairs, ebony cabinets, and quaint mirrors leaning out from the walls, looked almost as fresh as ever.

“Only let me get speech of them,” the mother had thought, “and all may yet come right between us; for it's a long time ago, a weary while since we parted, and they ought to find it easier to forget than I do!” then she had charged her granddaughter, when the lunch was ready, to ring a bell, and she would send them down. “Or even, mayhap, I may come down myself,” she had added, “leaning on the arm of my son.”

So the bell was rung, and Laura and Mrs. Peter Melcombe waited for the grandmother and her guests with no little trepidation.

They had not intended to be cordial. Their notion of their own part in this interview was that they should be able to show a certain courteous coldness, a certain calm gravity in their demeanor towards these two uncles, but neither of them knew much of the world or of herself. They no sooner saw the majestic old men come in without their mother, than Laura, feeling herself blush down to her very fingertips, retreated into the background, and Mrs. Peter Melcombe, suddenly finding that she had forgotten what she had intended to say, could scarcely collect

enough composure to answer the gentle courtesy of their rather distant greeting.

A sort of urban polish struck her country sense, making her feel at once that she was a rustic, and that they belonged to a wider and more cultivated world. She felt herself at a disadvantage, and was angry with herself that it should be so, in that house of all places in the world, where she had every right to hold up her head, and they had surely reason to be ashamed of themselves.

Peter was the only person present who was at ease; the unwonted joy of finding himself in the "great parlour" had excited him. He had been wandering about examining the china vases and admiring the little rainbows which sunshine struck out from the cut-glass borders of the mirrors.

He was very well pleased to include two great-uncles among the new and interesting objects about him. He came up when called by one of them, answered a few simple questions with child-like docility, and made his mother more sure than before that these dignified old men were treating him, her sister-in-law, and herself, with a certain pathetic gentleness that was almost condescension.

Indeed, both the ladies perceived this, but they also saw that they could not play the part their old relation had assigned to them. Such a handsome collation as it was too, but each, after accepting a biscuit and a glass of cider (the very finest cider and more than ten years old) rose as if to take leave. One patted Peter on the head, and the other ordered the chaise. Neither Laura nor Mrs. Peter Melcombe could find courage to press them to eat, though their secluded lives and old-fashioned manners would have made them quite capable of doing so if they had felt at ease. They looked at one another as the two grand old men withdrew, and their first words were of the disappointment the grandmother would feel when she heard that they had hardly eaten anything at all.

Madam Melcombe, however, asked no question. She was found by them when Mr. Mortimer and his brother had withdrawn sitting in her favourite alcove with her chin resting upon her staff. She was deep in thought, and excepting that she watched the chaise drearily as it wound down among the apple and pear trees and was lost to sight, she did not appear to be thinking of her sons. Nor did she mention them again, excepting with reference to her funeral.

"He's a fine man," she remarked in a querulous tone; "he'll look grand in his cloak and scarf when he stands over my grave with his hat off; and I think (though Dan'el, you understand is to be chief mourner) that he and his brother had better follow me side by side, and their two sons after them."

How little Laura and Mrs. Peter Melcombe had ever thought about these old men, or supposed that they were frequently present to the mother's mind! And yet now there seemed to be evidence that this was the case.

Two or three guarded questions asked the next day brought answers which showed her to be better acquainted with their circumstances than she commonly admitted. She had always possessed a portrait in oils of her son Daniel. It had been painted before he left home, and kept him always living as a beautiful fair-haired youth in her recollection. She took pains to acquaint herself with his affairs, though she never opened her lips concerning them to those about her.

His first marriage had been disastrous. His wife had deserted him, leaving him with one child only, a daughter. Upon the death of this poor woman many years afterwards, he had married a widow whose third husband he was, yet who was still young, scarcely so old as his daughter.

Concerning this lady and her children the poor old mother-in-law continually cogitated, having a common little photographic likeness of her in which she tried to find the wisely love and contentment and all the other endearing qualities she had heard of. For at rare intervals one or other of her sons would write to her, and then she always perceived that the second Mrs. Daniel Mortimer made her husband happy. She would be told from time to time that he was much attached to young Brandon, the son of her first marriage, and that from her three daughters by her second marriage he constantly received the love and deference due to a father.

But this cherished wife had now died also, and had left Daniel Mortimer with one son, a fine youth already past childhood.

Old Madam Melcombe's heart went into mourning for her daughter-in-law whom she had never seen. None but the husband, whose idol she was, lamented her longer and more. Only fifty miles off, but so remote in her seclusion, so shut away, so forgotten; perhaps Mrs.

Daniel Mortimer did not think once in a season of her husband's mother; but every day the old woman had thought of her as a consoler and a delight, and when her favourite son retired she soon took out the photograph again and looked sadly at those features that he had held so dear.

But she did not speak much of either son, only repeating from time to time, "He's a fine man; they're fine men, both of them. They'll look grand in their scarfs and cloaks at my funeral."

It was not ordained, however, that the funeral should take place yet awhile.

The summer flushed into autumn, then the apples and pears dropped and were wasted in the garden, even the red-streak apples, that in all the cider-country are so highly prized. Then snow came and covered all.

Madam Melcombe had been heard to say that she liked her garden best in winter. She could wish to leave it for good when it was lapped up under a thick fall of snow. Yet she saw the snow melt again and the leaves break forth, and at last she saw the first pale-green spires shoot up out of the bed of lilies.

But the longest life must end at last, the best little boys will sometimes be disobedient.

It appears strange to put these things together; but if they had anything to do with one another, Peter did not know it.

He knew and felt one day that he had been a naughty boy, very naughty, for in fact he had got down into the garden, but he also knew that he had not found the top he went to look for, and that his grandmother had taken from him what he did find.

This punishment he deserved; he had it and no other. It came about in this wise.

It was a sweet April day, almost the last of the month. All the cherry-trees were in full flower; the pear-trees were coming out, and the young thickets in the garden were bending low with lilac-blossom, but Peter was miserable.

He was leaning his arms over the balustrade, and the great red peonies and loose anemones were staring up at him so that he could see down into their central folds; but what is April, and what is a half-holiday, and what indeed is life itself when one has lost perhaps the most excellent top that boy ever spun, and the loudest hummer? And then he had taken such care of it. Never but once, only this once, had he spun it in the gal-

lery at all, and yet this once of all misfortunes it had rolled its last circle out so far that the balustrade had struck it, and in the leap of its rebound it had sprung over.

At first he felt as if he should like to cry. Then a wild and daring thought came and shook at the very doors of his heart. What if he climbed over the gate and got down, and, finding his top, brought it up so quickly that no one would ever know?

His mother and aunt were gone out for a walk; his great-grandmother and the nurse were nodding one on each side of the fire. It was only three o'clock, and yet they had dined, and they were never known to rouse themselves up for at least half an hour at that time of day.

He took one turn along the gallery again, peeped in at the parlour window, then in a great hurry he yielded to the temptation, climbed over the wooden gate, got down the rotten old steps, and in two minutes was up to his neck in a mass of tangled blossoms. Then he began to feel that passion of deep delight which is born of adventure and curiosity. He quite forgot his top: indeed, there was no chance of finding it. He began to wade about, and got deeper and deeper in. Sometimes quite over-canopied, he burrowed his way half smothered with flowers; sometimes emerging, he cast back a stealthy glance to the gallery.

At last he had passed across the lawn, arrived almost at the very end of the garden, and down among the broken trellis-work of the arbour three nests of the yellow-hammer were visible at the same time. He did not know which to lay hands on first. He thought he had never been so happy in his life, or so much afraid.

But time pressed. He knew now that he should certainly climb over that gate again, though for the present he did not dare to stay; and stooping, almost creeping, over the open lawn and the bed of lilies, he began to work his way homeward by the wall, and through old borders where the thickest trees and shrubs had always grown.

At last, after pushing on for a little distance, he paused to rest in a clump of fir-trees, one of which had been dead for so many years that all its twigs and smaller boughs had decayed and dropped to the ground. Only the large branches, gaunt and skeleton-like, were left standing, and in a fork between two of these and quite

within his reach, in a lump of soft felt, or perhaps beaver, he noticed something that glittered. Peter drew it away from the soft material it was lying among, and looked at it. It was a sort of gold band — perhaps it was gold lace, for it was flexible — he had often heard of gold lace, but had not seen any. As he drew it away something else that depended from a morsel of the lump of rag fell away from it, and dropped at his feet. It might have been some sort of badge or ornament, but it was not perfect, though it still glittered, for it had threads of gold wrought in it. "This is almost in the shape of an anchor," said Peter, as he wrapped the gold band round it, "and I think it must have been lost here for ages; perhaps ever since that old Uncle Mortimer that I saw was a little boy."

So then with the piece of gold band wrapped round his hand he began to press on, and if he had not stopped to mark the places where two or three more nests were, he would have been quicker still.

On and on, how dangerously delightful his adventure had been! What would become of him if he could not get down to-morrow?

On and on, his heart beat with exultation; he was close to the steps and he had not been discovered; he was close to the top of them and had not been discovered; he was just about to climb over when he heard a cry that rang in his ears long after, a sharp, piercing cry, and turning he saw his great-grandmother in her cloak and hood standing in the entrance of the alcove, and reaching out her hands as if she wanted to come and meet him, but could not stir.

"Peter! Peter! Peter!" she cried, and her voice seemed to echo all over the place.

Peter tumbled over the gate as fast as he possibly could; and as she still cried, he ran to her at the top of his speed.

All in a moment she seemed to become quite still, and though she trembled as she seized him, she did not scold him at all; while he mumbled out, "I only just went down for a very little while. I only wanted just to look for my top; I didn't take any of the nests," he continued, mentioning the most valuable things he had been amongst, according to his own opinion.

His grandmother had let go his hand and raised herself upright; her eyes were on the bit of gold band. "What's that?" she said faintly.

"It's nothing particular," said Peter, unwinding it slowly from his hand, and humbly giving it up. "It's nothing but a little sort of a gold band and an ornament that I found stuck in a tree." Then Peter, observing by her silence how high his misdemeanour had been, began to sob a little, and then to make a few excuses, and then to say he hoped his grandmother would forgive him.

No answer.

"I wish I hadn't done it," he next said. He felt that he could not say more than that, and he looked up at her. She was not regarding him at all, not attending to what he had said, her face was very white, she was clutching the bit of gold lace in her hand, and her wide-open eyes were staring at something above his head.

"Peter! Peter! Peter!" she cried again, in a strangely sharp and ringing voice. It seemed as if she would fall, and Peter caught hold of her arm and held her, while the thought darted through his mind, that perhaps she had called him at first because she was ill, and wanted him to hold her, not because she had observed his visit to the garden. He felt sure she could hardly stand, and he was very much frightened, but in a moment the nurse, having heard her cry, came running out, and between them they guided her to her chair in the alcove.

"I'm very sorry, grandmother," Peter sobbed, "and really, really I didn't take any nest or lilies or anything at all, but only that bit of stuff. I'll never do it again."

As he spoke he saw his mother and aunt coming up with looks of grief and awe, and on looking into his grandmother's face he beheld, child that he was, a strange shadow passing over it, the shadow of death, and he instinctively knew what it was.

"Can't you move poor grandmother out of the sun?" he sobbed. "O do! I know she doesn't like it to shine in her eyes."

"Hush! hush!" his mother presently found voice enough to say amid her tears. "What can it signify?"

After that Peter cried very heartily because everybody else did, but in a little while when his grandmother had been able to drink some cordial, and while they were rubbing her cold hands, she opened her eyes, and then he thought perhaps she was going to get better. O, how earnestly he hoped it might be so!

But there was no getting better for Madam Melcombe. She sat very still

for some minutes, and looked like one newly awakened and very much amazed, then, to the great surprise of those about her, she rose without any aid, and stood holding by her high staff, while, with a slightly distraught air, she bowed to them, first one and then another.

"Well, I thank you for all your kind-

ness, my dears," she said, "all your kindness. I may as well go to them now; they've been waiting for me a long time. Good Lord!" she exclaimed, lifting up her eyes, "Good Lord! what a meeting it will be!"

Then she sank down into her chair again, and in a moment was gone.

IMMEDIATELY outside the sacred fane of Atashkja, where the eternal fires of Baku are religiously guarded, extensive chemical works have within the last few years been established for the preparation of petroleum. Here the combustible gases as they issue from the soil are collected and ultimately utilized as a source of heat in distilling the naphtha which is so abundantly distributed throughout the peninsula of Abscheron. A visit to this remarkable locality has enabled Herr Trautschold, of Moscow, to lay before the German Geological Society an interesting paper, "*Ueber die Naphtaquellen von Baku*," which appears in the current number of the Society's *Zeitschrift*. Accompanying the memoir is a map of the peninsula on which Baku is situated, showing the distribution of the numerous mud-volcanoes, the springs of naphtha, and the sources of the inflammable gases. Four distinct kinds of springs may be distinguished, according as they yield fresh water, salt water, naphtha, or gaseous products. The gases are most abundant in the neighbourhood of Ssurachany, while the naphtha is found chiefly in the district of Balachany. It would appear, however, that the soil throughout the entire district is more or less charged with naphtha; thus it exudes from the ground in company with the gaseous hydrocarbons, and it floats upon the surface of the salt water in the mud-volcanoes. The naphtha profusely thrown out from these sources becomes inspissated by exposure to the atmosphere, and ultimately hardens to a solid bituminous mass. This consolidated naphtha, known under its Tatar name of *kir*, is not only used as a fuel, but is employed in the town of Baku for roofing and other purposes. The naphtha is chiefly derived from beds of sand and sandstone of Upper Tertiary age, but the ultimate origin of this and of the gaseous hydrocarbons is a standing enigma to the chemical geologist. Trautschold could find in the naphtha-bearing beds no trace of vegetable structures which might have yielded the organic materials, and from some excavations in sand charged with naphtha he ob-

tained only shells of *Cardium trigonoides*, Pall., and *Mytilus polymorphus*, Pall. Is it possible that the animal matter of these molluscs, under peculiar conditions of decomposition, could have yielded the hydrocarbonaceous products in question?

Academy.

It seems to be very probable that the cultivation of sugar in Porto Rico, which has to a great extent succeeded that of cotton, will eventually give place to the growth of coffee on a large scale. Referring to this subject the British consul says:—"The geographical configuration of the island would almost lead to the anticipation that some less succulent plant than the cane should supersede it in the district of Guayama. Some of the most fertile lands of the island are situated in it, and in favourable seasons no other part of Porto Rico can rival its fecundity; but the island is divided from east to west by a range of mountains, the highest of which, Laquillo, is at the extreme east, and at the southern foot of this mountain Guayama is situated. The trade-winds blowing from the north-east cause the rain-clouds to strike the northern side of Laquillo, and they are carried along the northern face of the Sierra, a limited portion passing over their summits to the south side. Thus Guayama and Ponce are subject to drought. In the rich and populous district of Ponce this natural impediment has been overcome by an efficient system of irrigation, but Guayama is less favourably situated in all respects; its position immediately south of Laquillo too often occasions the drought to continue, the soil is burnt up and divested of all fertility, and the residents are neither sufficiently rich nor sufficiently numerous to artificially irrigate their lands as their neighbours in Ponce have done. The consequence is, that the crops are very uncertain in their yield, and it is expected that if something is not done to ensure irrigation, there will very soon be no produce at all."

Nature.